XG
.3962
.11

Accessions
159.876

Shelf No.
XG 3962.11

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.

PAMPHLETS.

Dramas

Various and partly duplicate of those below

Accession No. 157,876

Added May 1873.

Catalogued by

Revised by

Memoranda.

As You Find it.

A

COMEDY.

First Edition.

As You Find it.

A

COMEDY.

As it is

Acted at the *New-Theatre*, in *Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,

BY

Her Majesty's Servants.

By Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

Qui Capit ille facit.

LONDON:

Printed for R. PARKER, at the *Unicorn*, under the *Piazza's* of the *Royal-Exchange*. MDCIII. (1703)

Newly Publish'd, *The Governour of* Cyprus: A Tragedy, as it is Acted at the *New-Theatre*, in *Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

As You Find it.

XG
3962

A

COMEDY.

As it is

Acted at the New Theatre, in
Lincoln-Inn-Fields,

By

His Majesty's Servants.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *Betterton*.

CRiticks, like Bullies, now are useless grown,
And cannot keep in Awe this Scribling Town:
They wear sow'r Looks and dirty Cloaths in vain,
There's no one now afraid to draw his Pen.
But this Poetick License of the Age
Has with stiff Nonsence so debauch'd the Stage,
And writ you into such a vicious Taste,
That what is Sterling Wit to you's Bombast.
And we shou'd be undone if you shou'd find
Our Plays ingenious, or our Players unkind:
For since elsewhere your Favour we observe,
Hard Lines and easie Actresses deserve,
Sure, Wit and Vertue too our House wou'd starve.
When to our Neighbours Joy th' exactest Play
Must to a long and well writ Bill give Way,
Or to th' Immortal Trip *must yield the Day.*

Tho'

Tho' our French *Heels, and our* Italian *Voice,*
Show the Judicious Niceneſs of our Choice;
Show, when put to't, that We on play our Parts,
And know the Way to win true Britiſh *Hearts.*
But ſtill we hope your Judgments ſoon may mend,
For which we can no ſlight Preſage depend,
Since S--- *writes no more, and* D---'s *Miſs was damn'd.*
Whate'er Succeſs this Play from Will's *may meet,*
We ſtill muſt crave the Favour of the Pit,
And to thoſe higher Powers loyally ſubmit. The Gallery.
We know 'tis hard for Comedy t'eſcape,
Without a Dance, a Duel, or a Rape:
Our Author prays this Fate may his attend,
Let not the Fair diſlike, nor Beaux commend.

PLAYS

PLAYS, Printed and Sold by Richard Parker, *at the Unicorn, under the* Piazza's *of the* Royal-Exchange.

Agnes de Castro; a Tragedy, written by a young Lady.
Amyntas; a Pastoral, by Mr. *Oldmixon.*
Beauty in Distress; a Tragedy, by Mr. *Motteux.*
Governour of Cyprus; a Tragedy, by Mr. *Oldmixon.*
The Grove, or, *Love's Paradice*; an *Opera*, by Mr. *Oldmixon.*
Intrigues at Versailles, or, *A Jilt in all Humours*; a Comedy, by Mr. *D'urfey.*
Iphigenia; a Tragedy, by Mr. *Dennis.*
Love's Last Shift, or, *Sir Novelty Fashion*; a Comedy, by Mr. *Cibber.*
Love makes a Man, or, *The Fop's Fortune*; a Comedy by Mr. *Cibber.*
Love's Victim, or, *The Queen of* Wales; a Tragedy, by Mr. *Gildon.*
Marriage-Hater match'd; a Comedy by Mr. *D'urfey.*
Measure for Measure, or, *Beauty the best Advocate.*
Neglected Vertue, or, *The Unhappy Conqueror*; a Tragedy.
Novelty Every Act; a Play, by Mr. *Motteux.*
Plot and no Plot; a Comedy, by Mr. *Dennis.*
Unhappy Kindness, or, *A Fruitless Revenge*; a Tragedy, by Mr. *Scot.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Hartley,	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Sir *Abel Single*,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Jack Single,	Mr. *Pack.*
Bevil,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Ledger,	Mr. *Powel.*
Sir *Pert*,	Mr. *Bowman.*

Women.

Mrs. *Hartley*,	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Orinda,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Eugenia,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Chloris,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Lucy,	Mrs. *Prince.*

Servants, Maids, *&c.*

SCENE, *London.*

ACT

ACT the First.

SCENE I.

Enter Hartley *in his Night-Gown.*

Hart. WELL! I'm grown ſo weary of Matrimony, that I had rather be obliged to do a common Soldier's Duty, than that of a Husband; 'tis a Drudgery, I think, a Gentleman can as ill endure, as Day-labour, and none but poor People, that are born to the one, ſhould be put to the other, by my Conſent: But my Caſe is worſe too, than moſt other Mens; I have marry'd what they call a good Woman, and therefore I think her an ill Wife, and in ſhort, ſhe has ſo much Kindneſs for me, that I have none for her.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, the Porter that brought this Letter, had no Orders to ſtay for an Anſwer.

Exit. Servant.

Hart. This is ſome Whore's Scrawl. She would have me bring the Anſwer my ſelf, I warrant you.

Reads.

I Ha' not seen you so long, my Dear, that I am afraid you have forsaken me; and, what is worse, make some other dirty Creature happy: You may, if you please, love any body better than you have done me, but no body will love you half so well as I ha' done. I am, at present, as much out of humour, as if I was a Maid at these Years, and shall be so till I see you, and you justifie your self: You cannot have very virgant Business, and need not be long inventing an Excuse, that will easily pass upon her that is willing to continue

Your Servant, Lucy.

Faith *Lucy*, to do thee Justice, thou hast been obliging to me; and to do my self Right, I have been kind to thee. But I have known thee now almost these two Months, and an old Mistress differs very little from a Wife. Besides, 'tis as unreasonable, for a Woman to expect, that a marry'd Man shou'd have Vigour enough to satisfie her Desires, as Money enough to satisfie her Pride, (tho' I am so little profuse of either at Home, that the Charges there will never ruin me) but I have a large Acquaintance, and must always keep a good Stock of both by me, to supply my new ones: Therefore *Lucy* must pardon me for some time at least; I'm upon a fresh Scent, and shan't easily be turn'd off from it. I must make it my business to Day, to improve my acquaintance with the Lady I fell in love with Yesterday. I like her very well in Company, and shall like her, I believe, better alone: She's extremely Pretty, and, I hope, not extremely Nice; she has Wit and Beauty enough to make a Man mad, and, I suppose, Sense and good Nature enough to cure him —— In short, she seems to be for my Purpose, and if she likes my Business, she can't have a Man fitter for hers. I'll send to *Ledger* for his Assistance, write two Words to him, and desire him to come hither. I have no time to lose. *Exit leaving* Lucy's *Letter upon the Table.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Hartley.

Mrs. *H.* My Patience, and ſeeming Inſenſibility, encourage Mr. *Hartley*, to uſe me worſe and worſe every Day; as a Man that tamely ſuffers one Affront, will undoubtedly, for that reaſon, meet with many. The conſideration of my Duty, and the hopes of his Amendment, upon the Reflection on his own, have hitherto ſtopt my Mouth; but now he's gone ſo far, that I think my ſelf obliged, for my own ſake, as well as his, to endeavour to reclaim him. I have within this Month, I'm ſure, diſcovered ten ſeveral Intrigues of his, with ten ſeveral naſty Wenches of the Town; and as far as I can find, he's civil to his Miſtreſſes, with as little reaſon as he is uncivil to me. 'Tis a melancholy Reflection, to think we ſeldom heartily conſider our Friends Advice, till we are incapable of making uſe of it: This is my Caſe, my Relations fairly repreſented to me the ill Conſequences that might probably attend the moſt equal Match in the World, and then offered me ſuch Conditions, as would infallibly make me eaſie, whilſt I continued ſingle; but then my Paſſion for Mr. *Hartley*, made me think all Reaſons againſt Marriage, but ſo many Declamations invented for a preſent purpoſe, and by thoſe that upon occaſion, could find out as ſubſtantial ones for the other ſide. But alas! I ſee now how willingly I then cheated my ſelf, and that 'tis much eaſier t'avoid an Inconvenience, than remedy it. 'Twas in my power not to have play'd, but now I have loſt my Money, 'twill, I doubt, be difficult for me to recover it. However, I'll try; in order to it, I'll conſult ſome of my Friends, and do all that Honour and Virtue can require—— [*Going out, ſhe ſees* Lucy's *Letter open on the Table.*] What's this? A Letter directed to Mr. *Hartley*—— I'll look upon the Name—— Nay, ſince I have ſeen the Name, and the Hand, I may honourably venture further [*She reads it.*] I am more concerned than ſurprized at it; but I am reſolved my Paſſion ſhall not tranſport me ſo far as to make me take haſty or diſhonourable Meaſures.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, there are two Gentlemen below to ſpeak with my Maſter.

Mrs. *H.* He's in his Cloſet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hartley *and Servant.*

Hart. Deſire 'em to walk up.

Serv. Yes Sir. *Exit Serv.*

Enter Ledger *and Sir* Pert. *They find* Hartley *walking up and down in a melancholy Poſture.*

Ledg. Good morrow *Ned.* [Hartley *turns and ſees 'em.*]

Hart. Good morrow Mr. *Ledger.* Sir *Pert*, your Servant.

Ledg. What's the matter with thee *Ned?* Thou look'ſt as melancholy as a briſk young Lady, that is going down into the Country with her Mother for the whole Winter.

Hart. Or rather, I look like a briſk young Fellow, that has ſeen ſome charming Beauty at a Ball, and has no great hopes of ſeeing her again. This Simile is nearer my Caſe: But no more of this——— What News abroad, Gentlemen?

Sir *P.* Sir I believe there is none ſtirring, for I was at my Lord *Politick*'s Levee, and our chief Diſcourſe there, was about the Weather. We had at leaſt an Hours Diſpute, whether it was extremely Hot, or exceſſively Cold, this Morning.

Hart. Pray, Sir, which ſide of the Queſtion did you maintain?

Sir *P.* When I firſt came into the Room, I was naturally inclin'd to think it warm, but his Lordſhip ſoon convinc'd me, for he had got a great Fire, and his Velvet Waſtcoat on.

Ledg. Theſe were irreſiſtible Arguments with you, I know, Sir *Pert.* But to our buſineſs *Ned*, I came to know if you dine at Sir *Abel*'s to Day.

Hart.

Hart. I do, and hope we ſhall be happy in Sir *Pert's* company there.

Sir *P.* Sir *Abel* was ſo kind as to ſend to me, and I deſign'd to have paid my Reſpects to him, but my Lord-Duke has ſince ſent to me ſo preſſing an Invitation to dine with him, and play at *Ombre*, after Dinner, with the young Ladies, that I could not with the leaſt Counterfeit of good Manners, deny him. I muſt firſt ſtep home too, and put on a Sur-tout this cold Day; ſo that I muſt abruptly take my leave; but you know the neceſſity I am under, Gentlemen, and I hope will excuſe me *a la revoir*, as the *French* ſay.

Exit Sir P.

Hart. Sir, your Servant--- Prithee what ſtrange ſort of a Fellow is this; I have ſeen you with him ſeveral times.

Ledg. I keep company ſometimes with this Spark, for my Diverſion. You muſt know, he is, in his way, a moſt inimitable Fool, as empty, and as conceited, as a young ignorant Fop juſt come from Travel, and to a good Eſtate. The Rogue knows nothing, but according to his Company, is always aiming at Learning or Buſineſs. He pretends to an acquaintance with all the Nobility, though all Gentlemen are aſhamed to own any with him. The only way of recommending any thing to him, is to tell him ſome Coxcomb with a Title likes it; and that is the only way he has of recommending any thing to you. He would no more diſagree with a Lord in his Sentiments, than a Beau would put his Hat on in *Hide-Park-Ring*; and he has a greater Veneration for a Duke's Opinion, than the moſt bigotted School-man has for *Ariſtotle's*. Then he generally lies, and that always in his own Commendation or his Friends: For you muſt know, he has one damn'd ill Quality above all the reſt, he ſpeaks well of all Mankind, which, as *Manly* ſays, is the worſt kind of Detraction, and a good Character from him, will effectually take away the good Name of the unfortunate Gentleman 'tis beſtow'd upon.

Hart.

Hart. This Fellow has ſomething ſo extraordinary in his Air and Mien, that I can eaſily believe he deſerves this extravagant Character. But I have other Affairs with you, which I could not let you know whilſt he was here. I was writing to you when you came in—— I think you viſit *Orinda*.

Ledg. What, you have a mind to viſit there too, but I doubt you miſtake your Woman.

Hart. You ſhould rather adviſe a Friend how to gain the End, than diſcourage him from venturing upon the Means.

Ledg. But ſhe viſits your Wife, you muſt know her your ſelf.

Hart. I thought you had known me better; I don't know my Wife's Acquaintance, as I don't deſire ſhe ſhould know mine. I never ſaw *Orinda* till Yeſterday, but I have laid a Deſign to be better acquainted with her: After Dinner, to Day, you and I may ſlip away; you ſhall carry me to her, as your Friend, and as one that has a reſpect for her, then a Servant ſhall come and call you out; you ſhall, after ſome ſlight Excuſe, leave me to improve the Opportunity.

Ledg. This I may ſafely do; her Diſcretion will ſufficiently ſecure her. But have you no Conſcience? Are you not aſhamed to uſe your Wife, nor weary of uſing your ſelf thus? Thou'rt always upon ſome of theſe Adventures, I can't tell how you bear it, but I ſhould be quite tired with hearing half ſo many of theſe Cauſes as you do.

Hart. Not if you got ſo much by 'em, *Ledger*, as I do.

Ledg. Thy Wife deſerves better from thee; but there is a Fate upon all marry'd Men, I think, that makes even thoſe that have handſome Wives, fooliſhly fond of all other Women but their Wives.

Hart. Come, thou art an ignorant Batchelour, and not a competent Judge of this matter; 'tis as neceſſary for us to take our Recreations abroad, that we may forget the hard Service we are forc'd to at home, as 'tis for Men to take ſome thing after Phyſick, that they may put the nauſeous Taſt out of their Mouths: But at preſent, I am more concern'd how to compaſs my Deſigns upon *Orinda*, than to find out a reaſon why I have any Deſign upon her. Prithee give me thy Advice.

Ledg.

Ledg. Faith! As I told you before, my Advice will be to little purpoſe in this Caſe. My Trading has not lain much among nice Women, but as far as my Experience will reach, I have ſtill found that moſt Women are to be got like moſt Offices, with Money.

Hart. But I have always found, that thoſe Women which are to be bought, (tho' I have known ſome of 'em Dog-cheap) are never worth the Purchaſe.

Ledg. If you won't make uſe of this Rule, you muſt apply your ſelf to the particular Inclination of the Woman you aim at, or take your Meaſures from the Vanity of the whole Sex. They are all in general, as vain as a Wooden-leg'd Officer, and love Scandal as well as they do Fifteen; and I've ſeldom known a Man fail of a Conqueſt, that has Art and Malice to ſpeak well enough of his Miſtreſs before her, and ill enough of other Women.

Hart. Thou art pretty much in the right; and for my Part, I have made this Obſervation, that we ſeldom miſs our Aim, but by having too good an Opinion of the Lady we aim at, and too ill a one of our ſelves. Charity, in other Caſes, commands us to think the beſt, but Prudence, in this, the worſt. Women love to be thought, what they love to find us, Fleſh and Blood.

Ledg. To tell you ſincerely my Opinion of this whole Matter, generally ſpeaking, all Women are made up of Forms, if you can handſomely get over thoſe, you do your buſineſs; there's a Tenderneſs in the Sex, that inclines them ſtill to be good natur'd; and in the beſt of them, there's nothing but ſome few formal Decencies, that ſtand between them and Pleaſure. We are oft'n miſtaken about this Buſineſs, Petticoats are no more a ſign of Modeſty than Bluſhing is — But I can ſtay no longer now, and have talk'd all this while upon this Subject, out of pure Complaiſance to you; for I think it as improper to talk of Love, as to drink a Bottle in a Morning. I'll meet you at Sir *Abel*'s.

Hart. I will infallibly be there. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Orinda's *Lodgings.*

Enter Orinda *and* Eugenia.

Orin. How did you like your Entertainment Yesterday, *Eugenia?*

Eug. Not at all, we were too many, and too much crouded; I love to have as much room at an Entertainment, as we have at one of Poet *Lackwit*'s Plays; besides, we were almost all Strangers to one another; and I hate a mixt Company, as the Drinkers do mixt Wine, the one is as unsociable as the other is unwholesome.

Orin. Perhaps, *Eugenia*, you think one Man best Company.

Eug. I think one Man, of a diverting easie Humour, better Company than Ten or a Dozen stiff surly Fellows, that have as little Breeding as Sense. This, you know, was our Company Yesterday.

Orin. 'Twas so: But I bore it with more seeming Patience than you did; you betray'd a great deal of uneasiness.

Eug. In those Cases I can no more help shewing I am displeas'd, than being so. I have always thought agreeable Conversation the most agreeable Pleasure of Life; and I have often bought it at the expence of my Reputation, especially some of my own Sex, that are not generally thought to be over-virtuous, have censur'd me as over-free, and have unreasonably, as well as maliciously concluded, that I sometimes transgress the Bounds of Innocence, because I generally go to the extent of them. But I declare to all the World, that I not only allow my self, but like in others too, all innocent Liberty, and if I can but enjoy my lawful Pleasures, will freely give my Neighbours leave to enjoy their Opinion in the Case: I always avoid the Vice, but I often get the Scandal of it.

Orin.

Orin. I won't determine whether your Conduct in this matter be the moſt prudent in the World. I'm ſure 'tis not the moſt general, for moſt of our Sex are very careful to avoid the Curſe of dying with the Scandal, without knowing the Joy; and are all a kind of Bullies, that behave themſelves ill in private, but think to get a Reputation, by talking much of themſelves in publick.

Eug. 'Tis very true *Orinda*, to our ſhame, I muſt own, I have ſeen more Diſſimulation in our Sex than Cunning; and upon the whole, I wonder they ſhould pretend to conceal which way they are bent, that infallibly Row contrary to that way they look. Nay, ev'ry body concludes now, that a Woman practiſes that Vice ſhe rails againſt, as certainly as ſhe loves that Man ſhe diſcommends. And I think very rationally too; for we ſeldom pretend an Averſion to any thing, but what we are notoriouſly guilty of, like my Lady *Topewell*, that never condemns that heinous Sin of Drunkenneſs, ſo much as when ſhe has two Bottles in her Head.

Orin. Fie! Fie! *Eugenia*, I can't believe that report; you take up too much with the common Stories of the Town, which, you know, are no more to be credited, than the common Women of it are to be truſted--- But hold--- Here comes Mr. *Bevil*, let us engage him to rail againſt his Sex, as we have done againſt ours.

Enter Bevil.

Mr. *Bevil*, *Eugenia* and I have been upon a Subject that is not, I believe, altogether unpleaſant to you, we were rallying the Ladies as you came in, and we deſire that the Men may be your Task.

Bev. Faith, Ladies, I had rather join with you upon the old Subject, than begin a new one. I never betray Secrets.

Eug. How can you ſay ſo before me, when you own'd to me, but Yeſterday, that one Evening laſt Week, you ſaw a certain young blooming Counteſs, with a great fat Orange-

wench, in a Hackney-Coach, and discovered the spruce young Baronet tumbling on a Couch, at the celebrated Meeting-house of Quality, with the ugly forward Lady, that is famous for never Jilting any Man: Can you, after this, pretend not to betray Secrets?

Bev. This is the only Discovery of this Nature, that I ever made; though, perhaps, I am able to make many more. For to be free with you, Ladies, I have seen so many Follies, in my time, among Ladies of Reputation, that if I did not know some virtuous discreet Women, I should, downright, quarrel with the whole Sex.

Orin. If we should search into the bottom of this Aversion of yours, we should find it proceeded from your Disappointment, and that you quarrel with us for the same reason some People do with the Government, that think themselves slighted, if they are not put immediately into every Office they pretend to. Come, tell Truth, have not you thought your self ill us'd by some Ladies, that would not let you use them so?

Bev. I have, indeed, met with some Ladies, that by their odd and surprizing Proceedings, gave me reason to believe they were much of the same Temper with *Hudibras* his Mistress, that could not love where she was beloved.

Eug. I have known these odd Proceedings, as you call 'em, take exceedingly with some Humours, that have declared as much for Coyness, as you seem to do for Forwardness. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance, takes occasion to tell the Town, in a little Song, that he cannot love any Woman that's fond of him. I believe I have it in my Pocket—— Here's the Tune to it too, [*Gives it to* Orinda, *who reads it.*] If you'll do us the Favour to sing it, *Orinda.*

Orin. I like the Words better than you will my Voice, I believe.

SONG,

SONG, Set by Mr. *John Eccles.*

Sabina's Haughty as she's Fair,
In that we most agree;
For I can never doat on her,
That ever doats on me.
No, I defy the Beauties Art,
That does not Coy appear;
The Nymph that Conquers Damon's Heart,
Must seem a cruel Fair.

Bev. The Words are well enough, but he need not have told us, that *Sabina* was as Conceited as Beautiful.

Eug. Well, but Mr. *Bevil*, how can you, after all this, reproach us with Scandal?

Bev. Oh! Madam, I think it as lawful to speak ill of Women, as 'tis to play foul with a known Cheat, that will, if possible, be before-hand with me, or at least, when 'tis in his power, will be sure to make me a return.

Eug. You know how easie 'tis to find Fault, shew your Parts, and commend the Ladies for something.

Bev. Faith, Madam, I can commend 'em for nothing but their Constancy, which, I must own, they shew upon all occasions; in liking all our Sex, and railing against all their own.

Orin. Eugenia, however, we may be free with our selves, we will never allow the Men this liberty —— Come Sir, we challenge you, say what you can against our Sex, we'll answer with something against yours.

Bev. Tho' two Women to one Man, be as great odds in Railing as 'tis in Love, yet as I could not in Honour decline so bold a Challenge in the one, so neither will I Cowardly refuse it in the other.

Eug. Come on then! We come fresh upon you, when most of your Ammunition, I believe, is spent; for we have received all your Shot hitherto, like skilful Warriors, and discharged but little of our own.

Bev. That Orator must be very dull, that can't spin out a longer Oration upon so copious a Subject. But without more Formality; I defy you to match my Lady *Conceit*, that fulsome antiquated Beauty, that entertains you like a barren Coxcomb, that has made a Campaigne or two, with nothing but her own Actions, that Compliments no body so much as her self, and does it more nauseously than a poor *French* Author, in an Epistle Dedicatory, does his Grand Monarch.

Eug. Against this Lady, Sir, will I play Sir *Humphrey Surly*, that is always puff'd up and swell'd, but never spits any Venom. He's a sort of an Amphibious Animal, half Wit, half Beau, though he has no pretence to the one, but because he likes no body, nor to the other, but because no body likes him.

Bev. What do you think of my Lady *Airy*, that dresses as high, and laughs as loud, as the mad Woman in *Bedlam*; is three Days a Week in the Drawing-Room, and every Day in Pink-colour; that carries as much Business in her Face, as a petitioning Member in the *Lobby*, tho' she has no more Design in her than a modern Play: Is continually setting-up to make Conquests, tho' at this time o'th' Day, she is only fit to make Sport.

Orin. Pray, what do you think of that finish'd Coxcomb, Sir *Oliver Rattlehead*, that is as fond of having the Reputation of a Scholar, as a young Templar is of having that of a Rakehel; and has as great a desire to be thought Brave, as his Wife has to be thought with Child; yet he can no more bring any thing of this about, than he can bestow on his Lady a great Belly; for he never endeavour'd to shew his Learning, but he convinc'd every body of his Ignorance: There never was occasion for his Courage, but every body perceived he was a Coward.

Bev. Then there's my Lady *Overact*, that has the modest Looks of a Nun, and the lewd Actions of a Frier; that has always a Book of Devotion on her Table, for the use of the Company, and a Book of Natural Philosophy, no doubt, in her Pocket,

Pocket, for her own; for she loves a Man for railing at the Vices of the Times, but much more for acting 'em.

Eug. My greatest Aversion, is that inimitable Fool *Blunder*, that is avoided and despised by those of his own Herd, the Fops: That is always raising more Disputes in Company, than the business of the Coin did in the Parliament, always aiming at Wit, yet never says any thing but what's as common as his Mistress; and seems to be as fond of an old Jest, as he is of new Cloaths: For to give you his Character without Partiality, it must be own'd, he's always in the Fashion, but never in the right; always well Drest, and ever ill Bred.

Bev. Not to be behind-hand with you, Madam, there's my Lady *Dawbwell*, that would as fain be thought Virtuous, as but Five and twenty, tho' she carries her Hypocrisy as well as her Age, in her Face, that has marry'd a second Husband for the same reason, I suppose, she marry'd her First--- to do her Business for her. This good old Lady is generally, either compassing an ill Design, or concealing it; Praying, or Railing, at Church or at the Looking-glass; putting on a severe Countenance, or a fair Complexion; always declaiming against what she continually practises, like a subtle Cheat, ever crying out against foul Play, and always using false Dice.

Eug. I think that little Monkey-whisk will best match her; that nice discerning Spark, that scorns to keep Company with any body, but Persons of great Quality and no Sense; that never condescends to speak to any Gentleman, unless it be to borrow Money of him. A kind of honourable Bawd, always bringing Company together, but never for his own use, for he can only start the Game, which other Men catch. Then he's so shallow, as well as conceited, that tho' some Fops are often with him, Men of Parts use him as a Beau does a plain ordinary riding Suit, which for variety, he may put on two or three times in a Winter, but is ashamed to appear with it often in publick.

Bev.

Bev. Then there's my Lady *Amorous*, that ſets up for Beauty, tho' ſhe has no Teeth, and for Wit, tho' ſhe never had common Senſe. She's Rich indeed, but ſo Ugly, and ſo Forward, that like a bad Air, who ever had a good Appetite before, loſes all his Stomach as ſoon as he comes near her: So that notwithſtanding her Wealth, and the Reputation ſhe courts, of maintaining poor younger Brothers, nothing will be kept by her, but *Dutch-Maſtiffs*, and *Viſiting-Days*, upon which, ſhe has ſo little Company, one would think ſhe deſign'd 'em for Intrigues, rather than Converſation. For the Fame of her Parts and Underſtanding has diſappointed ſo many honeſt Gentlemen, that every body now is as cautious of going to ſee her, as to ſee a new Play. But I believe both Parties may be out of breath by this time, and deſire a little refreſhment. *Eugenia* and I muſt be going where we are to Dine, and I believe 'twill be no improper Place to raiſe Recruits in.

Orin. Eugenia and I ſhan't decline another Engagement, Mr. *Bevil.*

Bev. At a fit opportunity I ſhall be ready to anſwer another Challenge.

I'll never yield; for I can be ſupply'd,
From ev'ry Part, whilſt Fools are on my ſide.

Exeunt.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT the Second.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir Abel *and his Son.*

Sir *A.* COme *Jack*, how do you like *London?*

Jack. I can't tell how I like it, for you won't venture me to go alone. I ought now to be out of Leading-ſtrings; you carry me now and then, indeed, to Company, but you'll hardly ever let me be out of your ſight--- I have no more liberty than the Magpie, that hangs in the Cage all the Day in our Hall: And, for my part, I had rather be in the Country, and have my Freedom, than be in Priſon in *London.*

Sir *A.* 'Tis true, I don't much care you ſhould ramble about here in this lewd Town. Shou'd I truſt you to your ſelf, you might find the way to ſome little blind Bawdy-houſe, or, which is worſe, to the great one, the Play-houſe; you might fall into the Hands of the St. *James*'s Gameſters, or the *Covent-Garden* Wits, or might pick me up a Daughter-in-law, with nothing to her Portion but her Wits--- No, no, I know my own way of Education to be the beſt for you. I bring you into good Company in Town, and teach you good Husbandry in the Country; I don't queſtion but I ſhall enable you to improve your Eſtate, and diſtribute Juſtice as well as I have done. I ſhall make you ſtout enough to vote, and rail againſt the Government, and yet take the Oaths to it; to rail againſt the Taxes, and yet never pay any. I had rather you ſhould be able to make a good Bargain, than cut a good Caper. By all that's Good! Theſe Town-Sparks don't know Barly from Rie, nor Wheat from Oats. They don't know any uſe of Hay, unleſs it be to tumble a Wench upon it; nor would they feel any want of Malt, if they did not want ſmall Beer now

and

and then in a Morning. Come *Jack*, learn to turn a Penny; and whilſt you have the fatteſt Oxen, and the moſt Acres, you'll have the beſt Breeding of any one within a Hundred Mile of you.

Jack. Ay, Father, that's true; but ſince I am come to this great Town, I'd fain ſee ſomething of it. The Gentlemen I have ſeen, are deviliſh Fine; and they tell me I ſhall never have any Breeding worth a Farthing, if I don't keep Company with the Gentlewomen too.

Sir *A.* As for the Men, I've told you already, there's nothing in 'em, they are all outſide; you ſhall ſheer Sheep, or ſow Peaſe with 'em for their Eſtates, if they had any. Then for the Ladies, they are all as wanton, and as full of Tricks, as your young Colt at home. By all that's good! I don't know how it comes about, but 'tis the Faſhion, the general Faſhion among 'em all, I think, to bring Children before their time, I mean their lawful Time of Marriage; and then there's not one of them that wears her own Hair, her own Face, or her own Cloaths.

Jack. Well, well, for all their Tricks they ſhall never catch me, I'll warrant you; they may ſhake their Oats at me, but I'll not go near 'em. But you are afraid of me, Father, you won't truſt me.

Sir *A.* Whilſt you are with me, you have the benefit of good Converſation, and no Danger. To Day I have ſome Gentlemen and Ladies to dine here, be ſure you are very Civil to 'em, they muſt return the Kindneſs, tho' they can't well bear the Expence; then they live conſtantly in this Town, ſo that you or I, in time, may have a good advantageous Mortgage or two upon ſome of their Eſtates. But I muſt ſtep up, do you call me when any body comes.

Exit.

Jack. I will, I will---- Ods-bodikins! This Father of mine is curſed ſevere, but if Mrs. *Chloris* dines here to Day, and is as willing as I, I'll get out of his Clutches ſoon. She's mighty

ty pretty, and I long to try that ſame Sport. They ſay there's none of 'em will deny a Man in this Town; nay, they ſay, ſome of 'em will ask the Men: For my ſhare, I don't care if this ſame Gentlewoman be worth nothing; my Father may thank himſelf, if I fall upon the firſt Meat that comes in my way, and it happens to do me a miſchief, 'tis his fault that keeps me ſo hungry. I am Three and twenty Years old come *Allhallontide*; and I know nothing at all, in compariſon of what the fine Gentry here know; but the old Man ſhall find it a harder matter to get me down again into the Country, than 'twas to get me up hither.

Enter Ledger.

Ledg. Sir your Servant. Is no body come yet?

Jack. Not as I know of, an't pleaſe ye; but I'll call my Father, he bid me call him as ſoon as any body came.

Exit, and Re-enter with Sir Abel.

Ledg. Sir *Abel*, I kiſs your Hand; I found your Son here, manuring his Ground, I'll warrant you, or planting his Trees by himſelf.

Sir *A.* Ay! I hope 'tis a good Child, I do what I can for him; I give him good honeſt old *Engliſh*-breeding, and plain *Engliſh*-meat, the one will make him capable of getting good luſty Children, and the other, of providing for 'em when he has done. By all that's Good! Mr. *Ledger*, we degenerate, I'Faith, we do; 'tis as hard (eſpecially in this Town) now to ſee a true bred *Engliſh* Gentleman, as 'tis to find true Wine; the right manner of Education, like the right Spirit of Ballad-making, I think, is I don't know how, unaccountably loſt, and all our fluttering young Sparks, are not half bak'd, they are perfect Dough.

Enter Bevil *and* Eugenia.

Bev. I hear you, Sir *Abel*, but for all your haſt,

——————— Next Age will ſee,
A Race more profligate than we,
(With all the pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

As the Poet has it---- Ah! this Wenching, this Wenching, Sir *Abel*, ſpoils us all; it will never be better, till every Man goes down to his own Seat in the Country, and eats his own Beef, and drink his own Ale with his Neighbours.

Sir *A.* I wiſh I could live to ſee thoſe Times.

Eug. I have heard, Sir *Abel*, that you lov'd the Town very well your ſelf once, when you was a young Man, liv'd conſtantly in't, and pretty freely too.

Sir *A.* Ay, Madam, when I liv'd here, the Town was no more like what it is now, than the Children that are now begotten in it are like their Fathers----

Enter Chloris.

[*Sir* Ab. *going up to her, ſpeaks to her.*] Madam, your humble Servant. We were railing at the preſent way of Living here in Town, and the Debaucheries of the Age; but you have Beauty and Modeſty enough to atone for the Sins of the whole Nation.

Ledg. (*Aſide*) Gad a mercy old Gentleman! She rather has Sins enough of her own, to deſtroy a whole Nation.

Chlor. Indeed, Sir *Abel*, I don't know how far I may atone for the Vices of the Times, but I'm ſure I can't plead for 'em, they are too Bare-fac'd not to be ſeen, and too Groſs to be excus'd. Lewdneſs puts Virtue out of Countenance at preſent, and Religion is as ungenteel as a ſtrong Conſtitution. But I hope the Times will mend, Sir *Abel*, by ſuch good Examples

as

as you ſet us: For my part, I think my ſelf obliged to keep out of the Suſpicion of taking the Liberties of the Age. I would no more be alone with a Man, than I would keep a male Monkey in my Houſe, for tho' I'm ſatisfy'd my ſelf of my Innocence, yet I ſhould be very uneaſie, if I could apprehend that any Man, Woman, or Child, had the leaſt ill Thought of me.

Sir *A.* If the reſt of the World, Madam, were like your Ladyſhip, [*All this while* Jack *hearkens, and looks upon* Chloris.] I could truſt my Son *Jack* here abroad a little more than I do; but, I profeſs, things are come to ſuch a paſs now, that I'm almoſt as much afraid he ſhould be run away with by the Men, as by the Women. By all that's Good! She bewitches me ſtrangely, I ſhould make Love violently, if I had but a Bottle in my Head. (*Aſide*)

Chlor. Ay, Sir *Abel*, you are mightily to be commended, I don't queſtion but Mr. *Johnny*, with your Care and Management, will make an extraordinary Man.

Enter Hartley.

Hart. Sir *Abel*, your humble Servant. How now Mrs. (*to* Chl.) [Chlo. *whiſpers* Hart.] What d'ye do? I'm upon my good Behaviour; you may ſpoil my Preferment. Prithee treat me civilly.

Hart. (*Aſide*) I'll be hang'd if this Privateer does not ſnap ſome conſiderable Prize at laſt, by hanging out her falſe Colours thus continually---

Goes to Eugenia.

Chlor. What ever you do, Sir *Abel*, take great Care your Son does not fall into the Clutches of the Strumpets and ordinary Wenches of the Town; there lies the weakneſs of the Cittadel, and you muſt have the greateſt part of your Forces to Guard that.

Sir *A.* I thank your Ladyſhip for your good Advice: I had, almoſt, as willingly have him marry a Woman with no Reputation, as no Fortune; but to ſecure all, I deſign to take him down into the Country very ſpeedily, for I'm in a continual Allarm, whilſt I'm ſo near the Enemies Quarters.

Chlor. I think you have taken a prudent Reſolution, Sir, all the danger will be, leſt the Enemy ſhould fall upon your Rear when you Decamp.

Bev. The old Fellow is laying Siege to that batter'd Fort there, I think.

Hart. I had juſt now, unawares, like to have diſcover'd the weakneſs of the Place.

Ledg. Oh! 'Tis as hard to diſcover ſome Women to be Whores by their Behaviour in Company, as ſome Men to be Wits by their Diſcourſe in our modern *Fleckno*'s Plays.

Eug. But Sir *Abel* has dealt ſo much in that Commodity heretofore, that I ſhould think it difficult to over-reach him in't now.

Ledg. Believe me, Madam, Modeſty is as eaſily, and as exactly counterfeited as your Hand, and—— [*They are interrupted by Sir* Abel *and* Chloris *coming-up to them.*]

Sir *A.* Come Ladies and Gentlemen. I think we have all the Company we expect, or can deſire. Pray let us walk in; you muſt not expect Ragouts, and Kickſhaws, I'll promiſe you nothing but an *Engliſh*-Dinner, and an *Engliſh*-Welcome.

Exeunt, Sir A. leading out Chlor.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Lucy*'s Lodgings.

Enter Lucy, *and Sir* Pert.

Lucy. Come, Sir *Pert*, you muſt promiſe me you'll never ſee that filthy Slut any more.

Sir *P.* Fie! Why do you abuſe her, ſhe's a Gentlewoman of a good Family, and a good Fortune; but, upon my Honour, I never had any thing further to do with her, than to paſs away an Hour with her for a Trifle at Picquet, after being tir'd with deep Play at the Chocolate-houſe.

Lucy. Don't tell me ſo; I know you haunt her as you do the Play-houſe; ſhe's an inveigling Baggage, and I'm reſolv'd I'll do her a Miſchief ſome way or other.

Sir *P.* Nay, I beſeech you Madam, don't put your ſelf in a Paſſion, you would have no body o'your Trade; that's a little too unreaſonable; the beſt way to break the reſt, is to ſell better Commodities, and cheaper.

Lucy. I am not ſo unreaſonable neither; but I won't have a Cuſtomer at all, that I can't have to my ſelf; he that runs up and down to other Shops, ſhan't deal with me.

Sir *P.* You grow too Nice for me now, I'll never oblige my ſelf to ſtick to one Shop, whilſt I have ready Money; beſides, I know ſome Places where I can be preſented by People of Faſhion, that take nothing for their Goods; and I'll have you to know, Mrs. *Lucy*, you ought to give me abundance of Thanks for dealing at all with yon; but when ever I come and entertain you at Dinner, you are infinitely obliged to me, becauſe I can dine every Day with a ſeveral Dutcheſs, Counteſs, Viſcounteſs, Baronneſs---

Lucy. Hold, hold, Sir, I beſeech you, for all your haſt, I doubt none of your Nobility bear the lawful Stamp-- I ſhrewdly ſuſpect they are all of your own Coyning.

Sir *P.* Ah! You are witty; I can't Coyn, I aſſure you.

Lucy. Lies you can, I am ſure. (*Aſide*)

Sir *P.*

Sir *P.* But for all your haſt, Madam, I am oft'ner ſent for into the Country, by the Nobility, than any Phyſician in Town; and I have more Invitations every Morning, than the beſt cuſtom'd Lawyer has Clients. I could tell you more, but it wou'd look like bragging, and that I hate.

Lucy. A Man may boaſt of any thing but a Lady's Favours, Sir *Pert.*

Sir *P.* No, I vow, I think not: A Man, 'tis true, ſhould conceal them, as a Confeſſor ſhould Sins; but Boaſting, in any reſpect, is ſo odious, ſo pitiful, ſo mean a Vice, that a Gentleman ought to avoid it as much as Lying--- But now I recollect, I have promis'd my Lord *Clearwit*, to go with him early to morrow Morning, to the Horſe-Race at *Banſted-Downs*, in his Coach; and I have a World of Buſineſs to do this Afternoon. I muſt not fail tallying in the Evening, at my Lady Dutcheſſes, ſhe'll never forgive me if I do; and I have a Bill upon the Bank for 300 *l.* to receive before I go thither: I'll bring you ſome Yellow-boys, you Jade you, as ſoon as I have receiv'd 'em, ſhall I? Let me ſee, I hope I have not loſt this Bill; no, here 'tis. [*He pulls it out*, Lucy *takes it, and looks upon the Backſide.*]

Lucy. Why here's 250 *l.* of this Bill received, Sir *Pert*, at almoſt as many payments.

Sir *P.* A Plague take her! What made her look upon the Back of the Bill? (*Aſide*) Ay! I know that, it was for 300 Pounds at firſt, I ſay. Lord! Money runs away ſtrangely in this Town, 400 Pounds a Year will but barely keep a Man in Shoes and Gloves. I could not afford my ſelf a clean Sword-knot once a Week, if the Ladies were not ſo Complaiſant as to let me win ſometimes

Lucy. I thought their Complaiſance had ſeldom gone ſo far.

Sir *P.* Yes it does upon my Word. It goes farther too ſometimes, to me at leaſt. (*Aſide*)

Lucy. Perhaps you may win ſometimes, but do you ever get? for moſt fine Ladies, as I have been told, hate paying, as much as they do one another.

Sir *P.*

Sir *P.* O Fie! I keep Company with no ſuch Ladies. My Lady *Coquet*, and I, had a *Tete a Tete* t'other Night at *Piquet*. I won Threeſcore Pound of her, and ſhe paid me immediately in old Gold.

Lucy. Are you lucky, Sir *Pert*, Do you generally win?

Sir *P.* No---I believe I do--- I don't know whether I do or no; Faith, I ſeldom examine my Accounts, that's Vulgar. But here I ſtand prating with you, and neglect my Buſineſs--- Come my dear Pug, give me one Kiſs at parting--- [*Going out, he comes back again*] Come, t'other Kiſs, you little Slut you, I can't part ſo——— Well, now Adieu. *Exit Sir P.*

Lucy. Your Servant Sir--- This Fool is an admirable Cully, I muſt never break with him, if I can help it. I have ſuffered ſo much by ſome of that Sex, that I may lawfully make Repriſals upon others; and I believe too, I may eaſily do't, for as our Oracle ſays,

A Woman's ne'er ſo ruin'd, but ſhe can,
Be ſtill reveng'd on her undoer Man. *Exit.*

Scene changes again to Sir Abel's.

Enter Eugenia *and Mr.* Hartley.

Eug. Well, Mr. *Hartley*, what have you to ſay to me? If you take your old Text, all your Preaching will be in vain; you ſhall never make a Convert of me.

Hart. I am glad, Madam, to lay hold of any Opportunity to declare my Paſſion, which is ſo violent, that as 'tis my Crime, I hope too it may be my Excuſe: Can I be guilty for harbouring one I cou'd not keep out? One, that 'tis as impoſſible for me now to dethrone, as 'twas at firſt not to admit. Can you believe I would willingly ſubmit to a cruel and inſulting Tyrant? No, Madam, I can never hug my Chains, tho' I muſt bear 'em, for I cannot forbear loving you, till you ceaſe to be Lovely.

Eug.

Eug. Pray, where did you get this Cant? It can never be all *extempore*; but can you imagine this Rhetorick will move me? I know 'tis all of course with you; for making Love, is as common a Topick, when you are with Women, as ridiculing the Clergy, when you are with one another.

Hart. I may be in the Fashion sometimes, perhaps, but I never follow it because it is the Fashion. My Professions may be common, but the Sincerity of 'em——

Eug. Is as counterfeit as any Ladies Complexion in *France*, or any Patriots Speeches in *England*. Professions of Love before Enjoyment, are like the fair Promises of condemn'd Persons, only to serve a turn; you'll recant ev'ry thing when you have gain'd your Point.

Hart. But to hang a Man for fear he should not keep his Word, you must own, is a very merciless way of dealing, Madam.

Eug. There are so many Instances of Men that have broke it after Pardon, that, I think, it would not be Policy to try the Experiment any more.

Hart. But this is wand'ring from our Subject, when we have no time for Digressions--- I came here to implore from your kind Words, what your cruel Eyes have deny d me, and---

Eug. Hold, I bar this Nonsense, and then make Love if you can.

Hart. I must attack in Form, Madam. We are mightily improv'd in this Art lately; and we find it still the best way, to Besiege according to Rule.

Eug. Don't you think that way too tedious, Sir? When you make your Approaches regularly, do you ever find a Fort considerable enough to recompence the length of the Siege?

Hart. To be sincere with you in ev'ry thing, Madam, tho' some People despise an easie Victory, I confess, a sudden and a cheap Conquest is most agreeable to my Humour. The Favours of Love, like the Gifts of Charity, I think, are more acceptable when bestow'd freely and quickly, than when importun'd; and if ever you design to make me happy, Madam, you may make me doubly so, by not making me wait.

Eug.

Eug. On the other ſide, *Sir*, Haſty Grants in Love are as fooliſh as raſh Vows or ſuddain Reſolutions, which we generally repent of when we come a little to our ſelves. 'Tis true, all Women that do yield, will be deſpis'd at laſt for —

Women enjoy'd (whate're before they've been)
Are like Romances read, or Sights once ſeen.

But they that hold out longeſt will be longeſt valu'd, both after they have ſurrendred as well as before.

Hart. You would then have all ſurrender one time or other, only you would have 'em hold out long enough to make good Conditions. Truly, now you talk ſenſibly, and I don't much diſlike your Doctrine ; I hope you'll Practiſe what you Preach.

Eug. Not ſo faſt, good Sir, you wreſt my Words, and accuſe 'em of a Meaning they are wholly innocent of. I would not have any Woman put it into the Power of a Man to uſe her Ill ; I wou'd have 'em all keep that Liberty Nature has given 'em, and make thoſe obey that were born to the Slavery.

Hart. Indeed, Madam, I think moſt Women are too ſenſible of their Priviledges already, and they uſe us, poor ſubmiſſive Creatures, too tyrannically : 'Twou'd be generous to govern with more Moderation, and treat their Subjects with a little more Familiarity.

Eug. The Monarch, you know, that would have his Subjects obedient, muſt keep 'em Low, and always in Dependance.

Hart. Now are you very prudently contriving pretty plauſible Arguments to cheat your ſelf out of good Sence, and labouring with all your Logick, to prove Women ſhou'd not enjoy what they were made for ——

Then why this Niceneſs to that Pleaſure ſhewn,
Where Nature ſums up all her Joys in one.

Lay aside your Forms then, and consider the Reasonableness of my Petition. Do I beg any Alms but what you will have more Satisfaction in giving than I in receiving? Do I invite you to any Danger, but what I shall have a greater Share in than you? Come, come, Child, be your own Enemy no longer, [*lays hold on her*] make up for Time misspent; there's a soft convenient Couch in the next Room. Come, come along.

Eug. Stand off thou Monster? Thou filthy Satyr; What dost thou take me for?

Hart. A very Woman I Gad; and I would have you convinc'd that I'm a Man.

Eug. A beastly one I'm sure you are; I was well enough contented to bear your Impertinence at a Distance, but I never design'd a close Parley with you. Did you think to act your filthy Lust upon me? Could you slie at no Meaner a Prey than my Honour? which I will ne're let go, but grasp it fast, and we will sink together.

Hart. Very well, very well; there are some discreet Ladies I find, that like some hungry Courtiers, never think any Thing is for their Advantage; that is, for any Bodies besides theirs.

Eug. Mr. *Hartley*, tho' I find you are ignorant of my Character, you can't imagine that I'm a Stranger to yours; which is so well known, that I wonder you have any Hopes of succeeding, even where you find a good willing Disposition to work upon: For, you are a profess'd Follower of the whole Sex; and a general Courtship is like a general Feast, where every Body is invited, no Body is obliged. —— But there are many better Arguments to turn you from your Way of Living: The Sting of vicious Pleasures always over-balances the Satisfaction of 'em; and we had better let the Rose alone, if we can't gather it without pricking our Fingers: Besides, you have a vertuous Wife, that has been faithful and constant to you, easie and complying; and tho' you should take up from this very Moment, you'd hardly ever be able to pay

the

the Debt you have there contracted: They say too, there are some Joys to be found in every Marriage, as they say there are Mines in every Country; 'tis true, they lie deep sometimes, but a wise Man would dig for them. For your part, in particular, I believe a little Reflection would soon convince you, that a speedy Reformation is your Interest as well as Duty. I have giv'n you more Advice than I ow'd you, or I believe you'll follow, but I was willing to take a civil Leave; for you must now bid adieu to that Easiness and Familiarity I have hitherto allow'd; a bare cold Civility is all you must expect for the Future. [*Exit to the Company.*

Hart. So, so, I have made a pretty Business on't. I have behav'd my self like those unthinking Rake-hells, that by a peculiar Art of ill Management, don't only ruine their Fortunes for the present, but put themselves too beyond the Possibility of ever recovering what they have spent.--- Well, I must e'en try my Fortune some where else.

To such a Place our Camp remove,
As will no Siege abide:
I hate a Fool that starves her Love,
Only to feed her Pride.

[*Going out, he meets Sir* Ab. *and the Company entring.*

Sir *A.* Come Ladies and Gentlemen, I love to make much of my Friends when I have got 'em, and I don't care to part with 'em easily. I've got the best Musick for you I could; I was always a Lover of it my self, and I hope it agrees with the Taste of my Friends.

Eug. You're very obliging, Sir, and I dare say your Civilities won't be lost upon this Company.

Enter Sir Pert.

Sir *P.* Sir *Abel*, I ask Ten Thouſand Pardons, I could not poſſibly keep my Word with you. A new Privy-Councellor detain'd me all this while, and would not let me ſtir till juſt this Moment.

Sir *A.* Buſineſs muſt be done I know, the Company has good Nature enough, I believe, to excuſe your Abſence upon any Account, Sir.

Hart. [*Aſide to* Ledg.] Did not this Fool tell us he was to Dine with a Duke, and Play with a Dutcheſs this Afternoon?

Ledg. Ay, but there's no more believing him than the *Paris-Gazette*, when it relates a Battle where the *French* were worſted. I neither believe what he ſaid then, nor what he ſays now: His Stories are like the ſeveral Hypotheſes in Aſtronomy, tho' one may be more probable than another, 'tis great Odds but they are all falſe.

Sir *P.* Well! 'Tis as troubleſome to be known to be a Man of Intereſt as a Money'd Man. I have been worry'd this Fortnight by a poor Relation that is to have a Hearing in *Chancery*, to go to my Lord-Keeper about the Buſineſs, and this Morning I was preſſed ſo cloſe I could not eſcape. As I came hither, I was ſeized by an Acquaintance, who ſays, he won't let me reſt till I ſpeak to the Queen for a Troop of Horſe that is juſt now vacant. And, I believe, I have forſworn troubling the Queen upon ſuch frivolous Accounts no leſs than Twenty times.

Eug. Methinks, Sir, the Reputation of having an Intereſt, ſhould make amends for the Trouble of it.

Sir *P.* So far from that, Madam, that I'm ſo tir'd with this ſort of Petitions, that if my Friends continue the Humour, I muſt e'en ſteal out o' Town as privately as if I were running away with an Heireſs: I can't bear the Impertinence of theſe Suits any longer.

Sir

Bev. Oh! Here are our Performers. [*Enter Musicians.*
Sir *A.* They are very welcome. Let us sit down.
[*Sir* Ab. *seats himself near* Chlor. *and talks to her*; *In the middle of the Musick,* Hartley *and* Ledger *steal away. The Musick ended they all rise.*

SONG in the Second Act: Sett by Mr. *John Eccles.* Sung by Mrs. *Hodgson.*

He that has whom he lov'd possest,
Or he that never lov'd is blest.
Poor I must woo, yet woo in vain,
I scarce can bear, yet hug my Chain;
Resolv'd my utmost Strength to try,
Resolv'd to win the Field or die.
For, Celia, *since I can't forbear*
To Love, 'tis foolish to Despair.
I will your haughty scorn endure,
And by new Ways attempt a Cure,
Seem pleas'd, and praise your stubborn Mind,
Till you to be perverse grow kind.

Sir *P.* This is a noble Entertainment, indeed Sir *Abel*, and much beyond any thing I ever heard in *York-Buildings.*
Bev. I believe they are most of 'em the same Hands that play there.
Sir *P.* So far from that, that there are Three Faces I never saw before.
Bev. Oh, Insufferable! [*Aside.*
Sir *A.* Where-ever they come from, to give them their due, they have perform'd very well; and when this good Company will do me the same Honour, I'll provide the same Entertaiment.

Eug.

Eug. I am afraid, Sir *Abel*, we have troubled you too much now, for you to desire us again. Shall we go Mr. *Bevil* ?

Bev. I'll wait upon you Madam.

Sir *P.* to *Chlor.* Madam, shall I have the Honour of seeing you to your Chair ?

Sir *Ab.* That's my Business in this House, Sir *Pert* ; and 'tis a Priviledge I will no more part with at this time, than the City will with its Charter.

[*Exeunt Sir* Abel, *leading of* Chloris. Bevil, Eugenia, *Sir* Pert *and* Jack *by themselves.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Orinda's *Lodgings.*

Enter to Orinda, Ledger *and* Hartley.

Ledg. MR. *Hartley*, Madam, knowing that I design'd to wait upon you, claim'd a Share of that Honour, and is come to kiss your Hands.

Hart. I was afraid, Madam, if I had been alone I might have been suspected for an Enemy, and therefore I have brought a Gentleman of unquestion'd Reputation to vouch for my Loyalty.

Orin. If you had desired Admittance here, Sir, you are too well known to have needed the Formality of such a Pass. Bring some Chairs here, will you sit, Gentlemen.

Ledg.

Ledg. We juſt now, Madam, came from Sir *Abel Single*'s; he gave us a handſome Dinner, and after that a very good Conſort, and the old Gentleman was ſo taken up either with the Muſick or his Miſtreſs, that we ſlipp'd off in the middle of the Conſort unperceiv'd.

Orin. Eugenia went thither to Day, I hope ſhe has not ſmitten him.

Hart. No, Madan, the modeſt and the charming *Chloris* has quite ſubdued him.

Orin. Sir *Abel* ſure ſhou'd have had more Underſtanding than to take a Piece ſo palpably Clipp'd, for current Coin. He has made a very ill Bargain, if he has taken that Money that has gone thro' ſo many Artiſts Hands, and that every one has had ſome Share of.

Hart. This is a Piece that whatever Price he takes it at, he muſt looſe by it, 'tis quite worn out now, and will go for nothing.

Orin. Upon my Word I never thought this Lady had Remains enough either of Beauty or Reputation to make any Conqueſt: But theſe old Men I find are as eaſily over-reach'd in Love, as the young Ones are in Buſineſs.

Hart. 'Tis no Wonder that they who deal in Commodities they do not underſtand ſhould come off Loſers. To ſet all Things right, Let the old Men leave us our Province of Love, and we'll never invade theirs of Buſineſs by my Conſent; let each Company have a free Trade I ſay, and no Interlopers of either ſide.

Orin. The old Men will not much prejudice your Trade, I dare ſay, they are but like Quacks that ſerve rather to raiſe, than deſtroy the Eſteem and Reputation of good Phyſicians.

Hart. When we find a manifeſt Decay in Buſineſs, Madam, we have Reaſon to apprehend ev'ry Thing that may poſſibly cauſe it. And to tell you the Truth, Madam, Love which is our Buſineſs is very low at preſent.

Orin.

Orin. You muſt pardon me, Sir, if I believe your Sex has been chiefly the Occaſion of it; You have taught it little Tricks and Shifts, and have debauch'd it from its Native Simplicity.

Ledg. I'm afraid, Madam, your Charge is not groundleſs. The Women certainly that were faſhion'd and deſign'd by Nature for the ſofteſt and the gentleſt Pleaſures of Life, wou'd ne'er have baniſh'd thoſe becoming Smiles and harmleſs Frowns, thoſe Calms and Tempeſts, thoſe pleaſing Diſguſts and engaging Reconcilements, with all thoſe other little agreeable Arts of Courtſhip, that formerly made the beſt part of the happy Lovers triumph, and made the Unſucceſsful not think his Chains uneaſie.

Orin. No, no, the Men who have but one End in Love, reſolv'd to take the ſhorteſt Way to't; but I can't envy thoſe ſubtle Chymiſts in Love: I rather deſpiſe 'em, that have let the finer Spirits evaporate, and only preſerv'd the groſſer Dregs ——

Men deaf to Nature's Rules, or Love's Advice,
Forſake the Pleaſure to purſue the Vice.
To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love; the Paſſion is forgot.

Hart. Faith, I believe, the Women have contributed their Part too in this Matter; and I'm afraid this Exclaiming againſt our debauching Love is like the Crying out againſt our Immoralities, where the Accuſers have nothing to brag of, where the Priſoners and the Evidence are equally guilty.

Ledg. However, it has been brought about, the Matter of Fact is infallibly true; this groſs material Love has juſtled the *Platonicks* out of Doors: If there be any whining Lovers left, 'tis certain, their End is the ſame with other People's, tho' the Means they uſe are different; and every Lover wou'd enjoy his Miſtreſs for his own Sake more than her's.

Hart.

Hart. I believe you may in the main be in the Right, there are certainly Cheats in all Trades: There are Parſons that are no Divines, Officers that are no Soldiers, Barriſtors that are no Lawyers, Doctors that are no Phyſicians, Rhymers that are no Poets, and ſo Gallants that are no Lovers. All this is granted, but he that's wiſe will make a Diſtinction, and not conclude there's no true Piety in the World, becauſe he knows ſome Hypocrites.

Orin. But you muſt allow us this way of Judging, becauſe we have no other. He that never met with fair Play, may reaſonbly enough ſuſpect that every Body cheats.

Hart. And ſhe that never met with a faithful Lover, may reaſonably ſuſpect that all are falſe; that's your Inference, Madam, I ſuppoſe. [*Exit* Ledger *unſeen.*

Orin. If you'll have my Opinion in ſhort upon this Subject, 'tis the ſame with a celebrated *French* Author's: I think true Love is like Spirits much talk'd of, but never ſeen —— [*Turns about*] What's Mr. *Ledger* gone? I hope our Diſcourſe did not offend him.

Hart. I can't tell upon what Account he left us, whether upon mine or his own, but I'll put the moſt favourable Conſtruction upon it, and believe, he gave me this Opportunity of declaring my Paſſion to you, Madam, which I could no more do before than I could ſtifle it.

Orin. This is very ſudden and ſurprizing, Mr. *Hartley*, and I had rather continue our old Subject, than begin this new one: I will aſſure you, 'tis more agreeable to me to hear you talk of Love, than to hear you make it.

Hart. Madam, no Man living wou'd more readily obey you in any thing in my Power, but you muſt not deſire Impoſſibilities: When I'm turn'd looſe, and my Game before me, 'tis impoſſible for me not to purſue it ——

All Things ſubmit themſelves to your Command,
Orinda, *when it does not Love withſtand.*

Orin. That's ſtollen, and all I believe premeditated. You Gallants, I fancy, make it your Buſineſs as much, when you deſign to make Love, to pick up ſet Speeches, as a Poet does to pick up Similies, when he's to write a Play.

Hart. I own I am but a bad Pleader, but my Defects, Madam, before ſo equal a Judge, I hope, will not prejudice the Goodneſs of my Cauſe.

Orin. What Cauſe, Mr. *Hartley?* Fie! this is carrying your Jeſt too far.

Hart. I can't be in Jeſt, Madam, in a Buſineſs of ſuch Moment, ſuch Concern to the future Quiet of my Life. You've ſet me on a Flame, by no Body but your ſelf to be extinguiſhed: [*She walks up and down this While, and he follows her.*] Can you be ſo cruel, to ſhut your Ears againſt a poor Supplicant's Complaints? Muſt he be barbarouſly caſt unheard? The greateſt Monarch diſdains not to accept the Petition of the meaneſt Subjects, and ſhall ——

Orin. *turning to him.*] Are you drawing towards a Concluſion, Sir? If you hold on much longer at this rate, I believe your Audience will leave you.

Hart. If I am troubleſome, Madam, my Paſſion muſt be my Excuſe: The Impertinence of a Lover, like the Peeviſhneſs of a ſick Man, ſhould be born with, out of good Nature. Come, come, I fancy we ſhall begin to underſtand one another a little better; Let us lay aſide Form, and behave our ſelves as we ſhould, my Dear.

[*Aſide* —— *Gad, I'll try the Familiar Way.*

Orin. *ſmiling.*] You run ſtrange Diviſions in Love, you leap from the ſerious to the merry Part on a ſudden, like a *Sonata* —— But no part of the Tune can charm me, I aſſure you.

Hart. *pauſes a little.*] —— Well! If neither the Senſe of your own Satisfaction, nor any Regard to mine, can move your relentleſs Heart, I'll torment you into Compliance; for thus I'll uſe you. I'll ſend my own Foot-man with a *Billet-deux*

deux to you ev'ry Morning, and I'll toaſt you ev'ry Night; I'll follow you as cloſe in all Publick Places, as a true bred Courtier do's a new Miniſtry; I'll write your Name in every Window I come at, and in ev'ry Company blab it out in the midſt of Converſation. In ſhort, when e'er I'm with you I'll be continually begging the Favour, and when from you continually bragging of it.

Orin. 'Tis generous, however, to give me Warning of your Deſigns; but to be plain with you, you've as much Aſſurance as Generoſity; for in my Mind 'tis as impudent for a marry'd Man to ask a Favour of a Woman, as 'twou'd be for a Fellow to beg with a Bag of Money in his Hand. A marry'd Man can never certainly be reduc'd to the Extremity of Want. A Wife is a ſure Fund, and will keep him from ſtarving at leaſt.

Hart. But a Man with a fantaſtical, whimſical Stomach may ſtarve in the midſt of Plenty, not for want of Food, but ſuch as he likes; ſo 'tis with a marry'd Man, he may have Meat enough, perhaps, and yet nothing that he can eat —— Gad, I find now, that a Wife (beſides all other Inconveniences) is ſometimes as great a Hindrance in an Amour as Modeſty.

Enter Ledger.

Orin. Oh! Mr. *Ledger*, you are very welcome, Mr. *Hartley* has uſed me very ſcurvily ſince you went, he's been making Love at ſuch a rate —

Ledg. Mr. *Hartley* is ſo polite a Man, I know, he can't forbear ſaying a civil Thing to a pretty Woman, when he's alone with her, but I wou'd not have you Vain upon it. People of his Breeding make Love, as Poets do Verſes, very often only to keep their Hand in Uſe, and ſay ſoft Things without any particular Meaning to the next Female that comes in their Way. But your Uſage here, I dare ſay,

cannot have been ſo bad as what I have met with ſince I left you.

Orin. Where have you been Mr. *Ledger?*

Ledg. I went from hence, Madam, to meet a Friend by Appointment at the Chocolate-Houſe here, hard by, which is a Place naturally as full of Impertinence as *Weſtminſter-Hall*; but juſt now there was more Variety of Folly than uſual: — Some were ſettling the Nation's Affairs, and others were ruining their own: —— Some damning the new Play, others themſelves: —— My Lord *Feeble* was drinking double Chocolate for his Reputation, and my Lord *Crazy* cooling Liquors for his Health: —— Sir *John Shallow* was railing at Coffee-Houſes and Hackney-Coaches, and Mr. *Squemiſh* was making Faces at *Temple-Beaux* and Tobacco: Sir *Fopling* was compoſing his *Perruque*, and taking to Pieces the Front-Boxes: —— Mr. *Surly* in a Corner by himſelf, had put on his deſpiſing Air, and was humming a new Tune: —— Mr. *Amorous* was writing to his Miſtreſs, and Mr. *Brag* to himſelf. —— In ſhort, there was nothing but Powder and Nonſence.

Hart. to *Ledg.*] Thou haſt made a true Deſcription of the Chocolate-Houſe, I believe, but thou haſt unluckily interrupted me at preſent; you have fright'ned away the Bird that was juſt flying into my Net.

Ledg. With this fair Lady's Leave, I ſhall not only interrupt you, but carry you away too; an Acquaintance of yours has Buſineſs of Importance with you, and muſt needs ſpeak with you immediately.

Hart. Methinks you ſhould know theſe Affairs better; Do you think a Lady will part with her Lover as ſoon as ſhe has him?

Orin. Yes, with One ſhe never deſired to have; but you muſt know, a Lover at beſt is a Bauble, I never am very fond of.

Hart.

Hart. Well! For my own ſake as well as yours, I won't tire you too much at once. I will take my Leave for this time; if I am deny'd the next, I will put my Threat'nings in Execution. Farewel.

Ledg. Madam, your humble Servant.

Orin. Gentlemen, your Servant. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Chloris *Lodgings.*

Chloris *alone.*

My young Maſter, I find by the Letter he ſlipt into my Hand Yeſterday, has ſomething of the *London* Spirit in him already; he is ready to run away from his Father; and ſince I have other Sins enough to anſwer for, I don't know why I ſhould be Acceſſary to the Spoiling any one's good Inclinations, eſpecially when I ſhou'd ſpoil my own Market by it. Such Bargains are not to be met with every Day by us; and whoever ſlips ſuch an Opportunity, perhaps, will never find another; at leaſt, I'm ſure, does not deſerve it. The old Gentleman will certainly ſtorm a little; but 'twill be an *April* Shower, I fancy, it won't laſt long. A Parent's Reſentment in ſuch a Caſe, is like a Woman's Reſiſtance at firſt; a little of it looks well, but 'tis eaſily carry'd too far: —— Beſides, Sir *Abel* himſelf has made no ſmall Applications to me, and he can't juſtly be angry with his Son, for falling into a Pit when he led him out of the Way.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's a young Gentleman below, deſires to ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.

Chlo.

Chlo. 'Tis he; I like him ne're the worſe for being thus eager; 'tis a great Sign of Fire in a young Fellow when he's earneſt for ſomething he muſt certainly repent of as ſoon as compaſs'd. [*Aſide.*] Deſire him to walk up.

Enter Jack Single.

Jack. You gueſs, I ſuppoſe, my Buſineſs by the Letter I gave you Yeſterday; as ſoon as Father was gone out I ſlipt hither, and 'tis the firſt time I have gone abroad alone ſince I came to Town; but if you pleaſe, let's make no more Words on't, but go immediately to the Parſon, and then to Bed together.

Chlo. Sir, your Deportment has been very ſurprizing to me, I am not us'd either to receive Letters, or admit of Viſits from Gentlemen, but your Youth and Well-meaning may in a great meaſure excuſe you; however, were I inclin'd to gratifie you in this Matter, my Obligations to Sir *Abel* are ſo many, that I wou'd no more do any ſuch thing without his Knowledge, than I would without his Conſent: Therefore, Sir, before you go any farther, I think you ſhould know your Father's Reſolution.

Jack. Phuh! Phuh! He'd as ſoon forgive a Mortgage as give me my Liberty. I am of as much Uſe to him as a Steward, and I ſerve him for nothing; I riſe as early as a Carrier, and never am out of Employment till I go to Bed again; for I am juſt like our Coach-Horſes, put to all ſorts of Work; therefore, if you do any thing, we muſt not let him know it.

Chlo. I never did yet ſtain my Honour which I'm reſolv'd as long as I live to preſerve unblemiſh'd. How far ſuch an Action as this done in the Dark, and on a ſudden, may leſſen me, deſerves my ſerious Conſideration; nor can I well apprehend your Policy in this Matter, for when 'tis diſcover'd, as it muſt immediately be, the old Gentleman will fly into an immoderate Paſſion, and, perhaps, diſinherit you, and ſo ruine us both.

Jack.

Jack. Gadſooks! How well ſhe talks! This 'tis to be bred in *London* —— [*Aſide.*] I tell you, he'll ne'er conſent to let me ſet up for my ſelf; what we do, we muſt do ſtrait and unknown to him; as for his Anger, I care not this —— for it. My Uncle is always very kind to me, always takes my Part, and has made me his Heir, and let my Father do what he will, I'm ſure he won't turn us out of Doors.

Chlo. You are very obliging, Sir, and 'tis but Gratitude in me to return your Civilities, but ſtill I muſt have a Regard to my Honour, which no Proſpect in the World ſhall ever make me forfeit. [*Aſide.*] If this Cant ſhou'd make him fly off, I'm undone, I had beſt ſtop whilſt I'm well.

Jack. Look ye, Madam, you had beſt remove this Scruple quickly, for if it continues much longer, 'twill certainly ſpoil all: For my part, I'm reſolv'd upon Matrimony, and here I give you the Refuſal of my Perſon, without enquiring what you are, or who you are: If you don't like the Bargain, I'll e'en move off, and try another Shop; ſome Body I'll warrant you ——

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here's one Sir *Abel Single* below to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Jack. O Lord! I'm undone, undone!

Chlo. Hold, hold, Sir, do you ſtep in here, — and don't ſtir till the old Man's gone. [Jack *goes in.*] Deſire Sir *Abel* to walk up. [*Exit. Maid.*] Now let me determine what I ſhall do in this Caſe, whom I ſhall take, the Father or the Son; for I believe I may have either. One wou'd think, the Choice ſhou'd not be hard to make between Threeſcore and Twenty; but that's not my chief Buſineſs now; an Eſtate in Poſſeſſion and one in Reverſion, there the old Gentleman carries it, but a peeviſh, covetous, ſenſible, jealous Hunks; and a ſilly, loving, liberal Fool, there the Son has got it, and let him keep it.

Enter

Enter Sir Abel.

Sir *A.* Madam, after ſo great a Preſumption, I ſhou'd add to my Crime in making any Apology for it, but you that had ſo many Charms to make me commit it, muſt needs have Goodneſs enough to pardon it.

Chlo. Indeed, Sir *Abel,* I don't know any Crime you have committed that cou'd deſerve ſo great a Penance, as the making this Speech: You cou'd not have taken more Pains about it, I believe, if it had been for the Sheriffs. [*Smiling.*] But, Sir, to be ſerious, tho' you may poſſibly do ſomething that you ought to ask my Pardon for, I'm ſure you can do nothing that will not deſerve my Pardon as ſoon as ask'd.—Here, who's there? ——

Enter Maid.

Set Sir *Abel* a Chair. [*To her aloud.*] How often have I order'd you not to leave me alone with a Man? [*Aſide to her.* You may ſlip out again as ſoon as you can.

Sir *A.* I'm ſenſible, Madam, I have broke in upon your Retirement; but I believe a Viſit from me can never ſhake your Reputation that is ſo well eſtabliſh'd; beſides, a Man of my Age can no more be the Cauſe of Scandal, than he can of Pleaſure in the Opinion of the Malicious.

Chlo. Oh fie, Sir *Abel,* I did not expect that from you!

Sir *A.* But my Deſign, Madam, of going ſhortly into the Country may make this Viſit ſomewhat more excuſable. Ever ſince I have had the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Acquaintance, I have profeſs'd a great Eſteem for you, and during the little Time I have to ſpend here, I ſhall, with your Leave, pay my Reſpects to you, as often as my Buſineſs will permit.

Chlo.

Chlo. When all is done, Sir *Abel*, I hope we ſhall not loſe you very ſoon, tho' for my part I confeſs the Converſation of the Town is at preſent ſo nauſeous, that a modeſt Woman can hardly endure it, and I have my ſelf ſome Thoughts of retiring into the Country. I have not receiv'd a Man's Viſit before your's, I believe, theſe Four Months, and if it were not for a little Air, I ſhou'd ſeldom ſtir abroad; and for one that has condemn'd her ſelf to Solitude, I think the Country a more agreeable Deſart than the Town.

[*Exit Maid.*

Sir *A.* Really, Madam, a vertuous Woman paſſes her Time very melancholly in this Town, for even the Ladies Converſation, they ſay, is too harſh for a very nice Ear. —— By all that's Good, Madam, I think you are in the Right to go into the Country: We'll go together; What ſay you?

Chlo. Tho', I believe, I might ſafely truſt my Vertue in your Hands, and I'm perſwaded too my Reputation wou'd not ſuffer much by my being even in your own Houſe with you; yet you muſt give me Leave, Sir *Abel*, to keep as well as I can to thoſe Rules which I have preſcrib'd my ſelf, and have hitherto follow'd, and to give the World as little Occaſion to cenſure me as poſſible.

Sir *A.* I profeſs you are the greateſt modern Pattern of Vertue and Diſcretion, and I wou'd by no means be thought to advice you to any thing that might leſſen your Character. I came to make Propoſals in an honourable Way; you have won me, Madam, fairly, and you ſhall wear me, if you pleaſe, as long as I can hang together.

Chlo. Sir, your generous Offer I am ſorry I muſt refuſe, but I deſign to die a Virgin; I have propoſed to my ſelf the Example of Queen *Elizabeth* in all Things.

Sir *A.* I hope you have made no Reſolutions in the Caſe, and that 'tis not too late for you to repent and be converted. By all that's Good, Madam, my laſt Wife and I liv'd happily and contentedly together, we never had Two

Beds, but when we were forced to't for ſome little Time, for having had but one, my Neighbours will all ſpeak a good Word for me, and I am not Five and Fifty yet.

Chlo. I have had very great Temptations, but nothing could ever yet prevail with me. A young Gentleman of 3000 a Year run mad for me, and is ſtill kept up upon that Accouut. An old Lord offer'd to diſinherit his only Son, and ſettle 2500 a Year on me for ever.

Sir *A.* Every thing in my Power ſhall be at your Command, Madam, write down your own Conditions, and I'll ſign 'em immediately.

Chlo. Nothing works more upon my Temper than Generoſity, and if I had not almoſt reſolv'd upon a Maiden Life, I ſhou'd think my Perſon the leaſt Offer I cou'd make you, Sir, for all your obliging Civilities.

Sir *A.* I have ſo great a Reſpect for you, Madam, that I will not preſs you to any thing you ſeem averſe to. Hoping therefore to find you better diſpos'd the next time, I ſhall now humbly take my Leave, and only beg, that if you do not think me fit Stuff for a Husband, you will not think me too coarſe to make a Friend of.

Chlo. I ſhall be proud of your Friendſhip, Sir *Abel*, and ſhou'd eſteem it a great Honour, wou'd my Circumſtances allow me to be ally'd to ſuch a generous Family as your's is; and in Return to your Kindneſs I will promiſe you thus far, that I will never marry out of it.

Sir *A.* Madam, you juſt now give me Hopes enough to keep me alive, but if you do not yet pitty me more next time, I muſt e'en go down into the Country and pine away; I beſeech you therefore, Madam, conſider my Circumſtances and your own, weigh my Love and my Fortune, don't raſhly reject an honeſt doating old Man's Suit, and your Petitioner ſhall ever be bound to pray for you. I am your Ladyſhips moſt obedient Slave.

Chlo.

Chlo. Here; who's there?

Enter Maid.

Why do you run away when I order you to ſtay? You are always at theſe Tricks: — Wait upon Sir *Abel* down Stairs. [*Exit Sir* Abel.

To Jack.] Come, Sir, the Coaſt is clear, the Enemy is mov'd off, you may venture out.

Jack *Enters.*

Jack. Faith and Troth, I was mightily fright'ned; What did the old Genleman ſay? Has he miſs'd me?

Chlo. He ſaid nothing of you, and I believe he does not know of your being abroad, becauſe he was in a very good Humour.

Jack. He loſt me once in a Country-Town, and was forc'd to have me cry'd; when we came home, he lock'd me up for Three Days, and told me, if once I got the Trick of being loſt, I ſhou'd ruine him; but 'twill be in vain to try to find me that way in this Town. But we ſhall ſtay prating here till I'm diſcover'd, and I do ſo long to be marry'd to a *London* Lady, that I'm down-right ſick for one; and if you have a mind to preſerve my Health, nay, my Life for ought I know, you muſt go with me to the Parſon immediately.

Chlo. Rather than prejudice you ſo far, Sir, I will run the Riſque of an ill Reputation, but you muſt promiſe me, that ſince you won't ask Sir *Abel*'s Conſent, you will acquaint him with it as ſoon as 'tis done

Jack. Leave all thoſe Things to my Uncle, he'll receive us, I'm ſure, and endeavour to make up Matters with the old Gentleman.

Chlo. Well! If my Character does not ſuffer I ſhall be eaſie, this is the worſt Thing I can reproach my ſelf with; but even in this, tho' my Conduct may not be entirely juſtifiable, yet my Meaning is pious, and I hope my great Charity may cover my want of nice Honour. There is nothing I could not ſuffer rather than be guilty of the leaſt unfair Dealing; but I had rather, I confeſs, tranſgreſs the Rules of the Scrupulous, than that another Perſon ſhould ſuffer upon my Account. Come, Sir, I am ready: Have you provided a Miniſter?

Jack. Ay, ay; one that was Reader in our Pariſh, and us'd to play with me at Cribbidge, promiſed to ſtay at Home all Day for me.

Chlor. Here; who's there?

Enter Maid.

Call a Coach. [*Exit Maid, and Re-enter.*

Maid. There is a Coach at the Door, Madam.

Jack. Come, come along then; let us loſe no more time.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Orinda's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mrs. Hartley, *to* Orinda *and* Eugenia.

Mrs. H. MY dear *Orinda,* I have been ſtrangely to blame of late, I confeſs, 'tis ſo long ſince I made you a Viſit, that I ought to have ſent one before and asked whether it would be acceptable: I muſt ask *Eugenia*'s Pardon too upon the ſame Account; but when you know the Reaſon of this Neglect, you will both of you rather pitty me for my Misfortune, than condemn me for my ill Breeding.

Orin. Excuſes among real Friends are as needleſs I think as Compliments, and never to be uſed, but where there is either a want of Diſcourſe or Sincerity.

Mrs. H. You reprove me very deſervedly I confeſs, for treating my Friends with too much Formality: But the Occaſion of my Abſence has been ſo extraordinary, that I thought I ought to ſay ſomething for it.

Eug. Mr. *Hartley* I'll warrant you from the Neglect of his Duty at Home, has given ſome Suſpicion of having laid out all his Services Abroad, poſſibly he has kept his Reſidence of late too often in the Side-Box, or has laid out too much in Powder upon his Perruque on a Drawing-Room-Night.

Mrs. H.

Mrs. H. I believe you both know Mr. *Hartley* and me too well to think that I would find Fault with his Conduct without Reaſon, or to believe that he would not give me any. His Extravagancies have kept me from you both all this while, and have brought me hither now: I am reſolv'd to try to ſtop his Courſe, and reſolv'd not to attempt any thing without the Advice of a Friend. I thought *Orinda* would be as able and willing to ſerve me as any Body, if *Eugenia* will give me leave to add her to the Conſult. I ſhall not with ſo good a Set of Doctors, think my Caſe ſo deſperate as to be paſt Recovery.

Orin. I will not ſay much for our Skill, but I will anſwer for the Fidelity of us both, that we will preſcribe nothing, but what we would take our ſelves in your Condition.

Mrs. H. 'Twou'd be needleſs to enter too much upon the Particulars of Mr. *Hartley*'s Conduct with you Two; I will only tell you that inſtead of paying off his Debt, he has increaſed it, and that he ſeems to think now I deſerve this Uſage becauſe I bear it: He's very little at Home, and leſs with me, when he does come Home, which is generally towards Morning; he is very angry if he finds me up, and not a little diſpleaſed if I am not aſleep. There is hardly a Week but I have Notice from ſome Hand or other of ſome freſh Intreague of his; and but a Day or two ago I found a Letter open upon his Table, with the Spelling and the Style of a Common Woman of the Town: It ſeem'd to be writ from one that wanted to be ſold, and to one that was like to be a fair Chapman. Then he is ſo negligent of his Affairs, that his Eſtate ſuffers as much in the Country, as his Reputation does here in Town; and if he does not change his Way of Living, his Family muſt inevitably be ruin'd as well as himſelf. —— This is my Caſe, my dear *Orinda* and *Eugenia*, for which I come to have your Advice.

Eug. I think there ſhou'd no Time be loſt, I am for applying a ſuddain but a gentle Remedy: For the Patient is ſo averſe to any Preſcription, that whatever is harſh and diſagreeable to him, will rather exaſperate than abate the Diſtemper.

Orin. Eugenia is in the Right on't, we muſt treat Mr. *Hartley* like a Child, and cheat him into the Underſtanding of a Man.

Mrs. *H.* We ſhou'd endeavour, I think, to ſhew him, that all is not yet paſt Retrieve, that 'tis ſtill in his Power, if he will now take up, to ſave both his Fortune and his Character; but that they are both ſo far engaged, that unleſs he begins his Reformation immediately, they cannot ever be redeem'd.

Orin. This I'm afraid would be to apply more to the Nature of the Diſeaſe, than the Nature of the Patient. With Mr. *Hartley*, if I'm not miſtaken, we muſt follow another Method; he's one of thoſe that will eaſier be work'd upon by Shame than any other Argument, and ſooner may be ridicul'd into his Duty, than reaſon'd into it.

Eug. What if we ſhou'd try the ſame Remedy upon him, that the *Spartans* did upon their Children, to cure 'em of Drunkenneſs; ſhow him as ill an Husband expos'd by his Folly to Contempt and Poverty, perhaps, when he ſees how odious a Figure his ſinful Neighbour makes, he may repent, amend his Life, and endeavour to make a better himſelf.

Orin. I remember now I was once conſulted in a Caſe of this Nature, where after many Propoſals there was one carry'd unanimouſly, and the Remedy had a very good Effect — We ſent the Husband an Aſſignation from an unknown Hand, the Wife met him at the Rendezvous, and had contriv'd an Ambuſcade of her Friends, who all came ruſhing in upon him o'th'ſudden, and put him into ſo great a Surprize and Confuſion, that he became a ſincere Convert from that Time, and as faithful to the Marriage-Bed, as ever *Adam* was.

Eug.

Mrs. *H.* This might work effectually, perhaps, upon a proper Constitution; but I'm afraid 'tis not strong enough for Mr. *Hartley*. It might do well, if apply'd to one that had any Grains of Modesty or Shame; but I doubt Mr. *Hartley*'s whole Stock is spent long ago.

Orin. The Experiment I saw try'd upon one that was as far gone as Mr. *Hartley*, and the endeavouring to reclaim him was thought as difficult and unlikely a Project to succeed, as 'twould be to endeavour to reconcile the Physicians and Apothecaries.

Eug. 'Tis worth the Venture, however, and you've a very fair Chance, where you may possibly win, but must infallibly save your self, you can lose nothing.

Mrs. *H.* I will be entirely govern'd by you in this Affair, tho' I confess for my own part I cou'd almost as soon believe a Mountain might be remov'd, as a Sinner like mine converted. I do as little expect a Miracle of one kind as the other shou'd be wrought in our Time: But nothing shall be wanting on my part. *Orinda*, What Measures shall we resolve upon?

Orin. I will undertake the Epistle, and make the Appointment, for to Morrow Night, in some convenient Place in St. *James*'s Park, we'll all go from hence a little before the Time, that we may take our Posts; I'll send to Mr. *Bevil* and Mr. *Ledger*, and they shall be of the Party.

Mrs. *H.* I'll put all into your Hands, *Orinda*, I'll wait upon you here by Seven to Morrow Night; —— that will be time enough, I suppose.

Orin. Ay, ay, I'll make the Rendezvous about Eight.

Mrs. *H.* Ladies, your most humble Servant.

Orin. Madam, your humble Servant.

[*Exit Mrs.* Hart.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Manent Orinda & Eugenia.

Orin. My dear *Eugenia* I muſt own to you, Mrs *Hartly*, and two or three other ſuch Examples, have given me ſuch diſmal apprehenſions of Matrimony, that I'm almoſt ready to alter my Reſolutions, and turn Proſelite to your opinion.

Eug. I confeſs I ſee no great reaſon to quit the party I have choſen, but you, *Orinda* are too far engaged to retreat, nor do I think your danger ſo great that you need think of it; Mr *Bevil*, has ſo much Honor and Underſtanding that the Venture you put into his hands, as great as it is, I dare ſay will be very ſecure.

Orin. Mr *Bevil* indeed has a great many good qualities, and no ill ones that I know of; but after all, for a ſingle Woman that is very eaſy in all her circumſtances to Marry, is as imprudent as for a Man of a plentiful Fortune to play, when he cannot poſſibly mend his condition, but 'tis great odds but he makes it worſe. Come tell me fairly *Eugenia*, don't you think it almoſt impoſſible for one that's marry'd, neither to be guilty of her own diſquiet, nor acceſſory to any body's elſe?

Eug. I am perſwaded indeed that they that can never be ſeperated can't live eaſily together, and that to be Godly and Good natur'd is not more extraordinary than to be Marry'd and Contented, that to be uneaſy and to conceal your uneaſineſs is as difficult, as for a Man to hide his Drunkenneſs that can't ſtand; and tha 'tis, impoſſible for any Woman that is known to have any difference with her Husband, not to be the talk of every Church, Box and Drawing Room, the jeſt of every Lampooner, and the hopes of every Lover.

Orin. Beſides to make our condition worſe, moſt Husdands

like other Monarchs, uſurp a greater power than they can juſtly claim, and make an ill uſe of what is fairly their due, and I'm afraid our Wives like the *Turkiſh Wives*, will in time come to be thought fit only for the mean offices of the Family, us'd more like Servants than Companions, and employed oftner to clean the Husband's Bed-Chamber than to foul it.

Eug. The Wives affairs do certainly begin to have a very ill aſpect, but there are ſome provident Ladies that by the help of Hackney-Coaches, Chocolate-Houſes, Pits, *Indian*-Houſes, Fairs, Balls and ſo forth, make a ſhift to pick up a good tolerable maintenance, and becauſe their Husbands run pretty much in their debt, they make their Lovers pay all ready money.

Orin. This is a kind of unpolitick revenge, that may often fall heavier upon thoſe that ſuffer than thoſe that do the Injury, and I vow *Eugenia* if I were ill us'd by my Husband, I would not ſtudy a revenge. I fancy the beſt way to mitigate the Tyrants rage wou'd be quietly and patiently to endure the Perſecution.

Eug. I am not of your opinion, I wou'd upbraid him with his unkindneſs continually, and his Ingratitude, and uſe the rougheſt methods I cou'd without expoſing my ſelf, for believe me, an ill Husband is a Wild Beaſt, that will always be unruly, unleſs he's kept in awe.

Orin. If you cou'd awe him into a little Civility, I fancy it wou'd not be very ſerviceable to you, for when once there is a War between a Husband and a Wife, I believe there is never afterwards an entire Peace, ſometimes there may be a Truce but I am apt to believe, it laſts no longer than till the Husband can have ſome opportunity of breaking it to advantage.

Eug. Or perhaps the Wife may break it *Orinda.* Come we are too partial to our own Sex, I believe we are as often an uneaſineſs to them, as they are a Plague to us.

Orin. I won't diſpute that point with you, we agree in the main; that there is generally at long run, ſome diviſion or other between the Man and the Wife, that very often makes both

both of 'em appear very ridiculous to ſtanders by, and that the very hopes of a Quarrel upon that account as well as others, makes the news of a match like that of ſome extraordinary fight newly arriv'd, very acceptable to the Town.

Eug. Come I believe we are proving a thing, that is of it ſelf very plain, we have examples enough on our ſide, the few exceptions againſt us, are not enough to overthrow, but are juſt ſufficient to confirm the Rule.

Orin. And ſhall I then *Eugenia*, fling my ſelf down a Precipice where I ſee ſo great and unavoidable danger? Shall I that have rang'd at Liberty and can ſtill enjoy my Freedom, go voluntarily ſurrender it up, and willingly confine my ſelf to a Nauſeous Priſon?

Eug. As I told you before, my Dear *Orinda* your Caſe I dare ſay, will never come within our general Rule. Mr *Bevil* is almoſt an exception to the reſt of Mankind, ſo Gentile, ſo Eaſy, ſo Generous and ſo Honourable, that you need not think of making a Retreat, and you your ſelf are ſo far engag'd, that I believe you cannot.

Orin. All the Præliminaries are adjuſted, and ſince I have agreed to the Bargain, I believe it would be unfair not to pay down the price, Mr *Bevil* preſſes me continually to fix the Day, and indeed he preſſes me ſo cloſe that I cannot honourably defer it much longer.

Eug. Pray don't let me be any way Inſtrumental in the delay, I had rather much plead on to'ther ſide, for I am as much for your match in particular, as I am againſt Matrimony in general.

Orin. I have ſo good an opinion both of your Sincerity and Judgment, that I am perſwaded you would not adviſe me to any thing but what you your ſelf approve of, and you can approve of nothing I dare ſay, but what all the World will like, ſo that notwithſtanding all that has, or can be ſaid againſt Marriage, your Advice and Mr *Bevil*'s Behaviour will prevail, and I will boldly on, as ſoon as we have made an end of Mrs *Hartley*'s Buſineſs I will invite you to my Execution.

Eug. To morrow I'll wait upon you, till then adieu.
Orin. Adieu, my Dear.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

St *James's-Park.*

Ledger *and* Bevil *walking.* *Enter to them* *Sir* Pert.

Sir *P.* Gentlemen your Servant. Prithee *Will Ledger* where doſt thou keep? One can never ſee thee.

Ledg: I ſaw this Fool but this morning. (*aſide.*) Ha! who's that toſſes up her Noſe ſo high?

Sir *P.* A Jilt, a Jilt. } *Women paſſing*
Bev. O fie Sir! She's a Woman of Quality. } *up and down.*

Sir *P.* Ha, ha, ha, your Women of Quality have their tricks as well as other People, believe me, Sir, they have. But I have done with 'em, they were a Commodity that bore a good price once, but now they are grown a meer drug. I make a third ſometimes among them at Ombre, but nothing further, no Intreaguing *Will* as formerly. If Nature calls upon me, I make uſe of the compendious modern way, I either go a rambling in the Pit, or Strowling in the Park, or any thing rather than whining after a Woman of Quality, for a twelve month perhaps to no purpoſe. Gad there is no Lady in Town that I think worth following a Fortnight, except my Lady *Mary*, but for your fine Ladies, when you know 'em as well I, you'll ſay——

Bev. We know but very little of 'em. (*aſide.*)

Ledg. Faith, Sir *Pert* is ſomething in the right, the Men of Senſe begin to leave off that fooliſh way of Wooing, moſt of the

the Women of Quality are so divided between keeping their Reputation, and parting with their Vertue, their Fears are so strong, their Guards so many, their opportunities so rare, that a man must have as much leisure as the erranteſt Toaſter in Town, and as little desire as the most profes's'd Ogler, that can endure the tediousness of an high Intreague with one of 'em.

Sir *P.* Nay, nay, don't let us run down Women of Quality neither, their converſation is certainly the most agreeable, and their breeding more nice than that of other Women, and no Man alive is secure from comitting an Indecorum in good manners, that does not now and then keep 'em Company.

Ledg. But to dangle after 'em by way of Courtship, is as much loſs of time, in my opinion, as going to Great Men Levee's: Sir *Pert*, Sir *Pert*, who's that that trips it along ſo neatly? } *Women croſs the Stage.*

Sir *P.* Why that's she that writ the laſt famous Lampoon, as the Town ſaid—tho an Humble Servant of yours, that shall be nameleſs, has had the greateſt hand in it, to my knowledge too, he has had a considerable share in some others, tho he never had the Honour of 'em.

Bev. The Scandal of 'em you mean, for most of our late Lampoons have been such, that they that writ 'em have loſt more Reputation than those that were put into 'em.

Ledg. There's a World of Traſh here to day, Sir *Pert.*

Sir *Pert.* Methinks the Parliament should consult our Pleasure a little, as well as Profit, and make an Act to forbid all those that are unfit for Private Service to appear in Publick.

Bev. You wou'd allow 'em the Churches, Sir *Pert*, I hope.

Sir P. Aye, aye, withal my Heart——In Lent, when the dullneſs of the Preacher doth not chance to prove a sufficient provocative to mortification. But in Publick places of Diverſion, I think an Ugly Woman should no more dare to shew her Face, than a Cudgell'd Beau.

Ledg. There are many Regulations of that nature that perhaps wou'd be very convenient, but I'm afraid are impracti-

Cla-

cable, for my part, there is none I would more willingly have brought about, than laying a Penalty on thoſe that ſhould toaſt Ladies they never ſaw, or brag of Favours from thoſe they never ſpoke to.

Bev. Or brag of Favours where they had receiv'd 'em, or raile at thoſe that would not grant 'em.

Sir *P.* And upon thoſe Coxcombs too, that pretend to have had ſignal favours from Great Men, from whom they could never get any thing but a denyal, there are many ſuch Creatures to my knowledge in this Town.

Bev. I ſhou'd move for puniſhing thoſe nauſeous Rogues, that with much Aſſurance, little Fortune, and no Quality ſet up for Men of Intereſt themſelves. There are many ſuch Creatures to my Knowledge.

Sir *Pert.* (*Going up to ſomebody Walking.*) My good Lord I am very glad to ſee your Lordſhip. How long have you been in Town?

Lord. This Twelve Month, Sir.

Sir *P.* Gadſo, is my Lady in Town?

Lord. No, Sir.

Sir *P.* When did you ſee her?

Lord. A Year ago, Sir.

Sir *P.* I hope your Lordſhip has had good luck of late.

Lord. I have at preſent the worſt in the World, Sir.

Sir *P.* I am ſorry for it. I hope you have your Health well.

Lord. No, Sir, I am very much out of order.

Sir *P.* My Lord your Servant. (*Goes to another*) My Lord Duke I kiſs your hands. I heard your Grace was ſtill in the Country, elſe I had waited upon you before now. 'Tis very plea-ſant being in the Country now, I wonder your Grace left it ſo ſoon.

Duke 'Tis much pleaſanter indeed being any where than here.

Sir *P.* Your Grace is in the right, 'tis hard to meet with good Company at preſent.

Duke

Duke And the eaſieſt thing in the World to meet with bad.

Sir *P.* I believe your Grace finds it ſo——I am your Graces moſt Obedient—(*Goes to another and hugs him*) My Dear Peer, I think we ſhall ne're meet again, when may a Man expect to find you diſengag'd.

2. *Lord.* You may expect it, Sir, when you pleaſe.

Sir *P.* Who are you to be with to night?

2. *Lord.* With a ſet of the moſt fooliſh Fellows alive.

Sir *P.* Shall I make one?

2. *Lord.* With all my Heart, and then we ſhall be compleat.

Sir *P.* Your Lordſhip does me a great Honour.

2. *Lord.* At nine, at the Blue Poſts.

Sir *P.* I will not fail ſo agreeable an appointment. [*Goes to* Bev. *and* Ledg.]

Ledg. You've a great Acquaintance among our Men of Quality.

Sir *P.* No, I know ſome few. All thoſe that I now ſpoke to, are of the firſt Rank for Underſtanding and Breeding. He I ſpoke to laſt has a World of Wit. He often choſes a Company of ſilly Fellows, only to Laugh at 'em, to night he's to be with a Gang of extraordinary Fools he ſays.

Bev. Are not you to be there?

Sir *P.* Yes, he defir'd me not to fail, we ſhall have a great deal of Diverſion.

Ledg. They are ſome Conceited Blockheads I'll warrant you, that value themſelves, becauſe good Company does 'em the favour to Laugh at 'em.

Sir *P.* There are ſuch People in the World. For my part I am not fond of 'em, but you know a Man of general converſation in this Town, can't avoid falling in among ſome of 'em now and then. But I am going to leave this Town ſhortly, and I hope by that means to get rid of moſt of my impertinent Acquaintance.

Ledg. Whether are you going, Sir *Pert*?

Sir *P.* To *France* Sir.

Bev. Going to *France* to avoid impertinence! that's like taking

taking refuge among the Ladys to avoid hard drinking with the Men. Do you underſtand *French*, Sir ?

Sir *P.* Very well, as well as any Language in the World.

Ledg. That I believe. (*aſide.*)

Bev. You may paſs your time very agreeably there.

Sir *P.* Between you and me there is a forwardneſs among the *French* that we want extreamly, we *Engliſh* are good natur'd honeſt Fellows but we are too baſhful, Modeſty is ſometimes a Vice that ——

Ledg. You are never guilty of Sir *Pert*, you are too well bred.

Sir *P.* Pardon me Sir, I am apt now and then to look ſilly in ſtrange Company, and that nothing but Travelling can wear off.

Bev. You have reaſon Sir. Travelling is the faſhion, and a man that has not travell'd abroad is lookt upon to be as unfit to make a Gentile Companion, as a Soldier that has not ſerv'd abroad is to make a good Officer.

Sir P. (*Looking on his Watch*) Faith my time is come.

Bev. (*Aſide*) I wiſh it was.

Sir *P.* But I cannot leave you Gentlemen, I will take to'ther turn with you.

Beſides, Mr *Ledge* and I are engaged and muſt be going, we'll accompany you to St *James*'s Gate.

Bev. Don't let us hinder you Sir I beſeech you, never let it be ſaid that your good nature made you forfeit your good manners.

Sir *P.* Come then, when ſhall we three meet again ?

Bev. That I know not.

If we do meet again, why we ſhall ſmile,
If not, this parting was well made.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT. V.

SCENE. I.

Hartley's *Lodgings.*

Enter a Servant to Hartley.

Serv. SIR, there's a Lady below in a Hackney Coach and a Mask, that ſays ſhe has buſineſs of conſequence with you, and muſt needs ſpeak with you.

Hart. Bring her up the back Stairs immediately you Rogue. Perhaps now this is *Orinda*, the poor Fool I'l warrant you ſees her error by this time, well if it be ſo, I have good nature enough yet left to forgive her. (*Exit* Serv.

Enter Lucy *Mask'd*

Your Ladyſhip does me great a honor, and I hope will do me the pleaſure and your ſelf the juſtice, to let me ſee who I am obliged to for this Extraordinary Viſit.

Lucy. (*Unmasking*) Sir you are much more obliged to me upon other accounts than you are upon this, but you have made me very ill returns for all my Civilities. I have followed you from place to place, writ Letter after Letter to you, and could never get to ſpeake to you, at laſt I was forc'd to uſe this

Stratagem, I thought you wou'd take me in this diſguiſe for a new Face, and I knew then you could no more deny me Entrance, than the Old Houſe can refuſe a new Play.

Hart. Upon Honour, *Lucy*, I have had Buſineſs lately, and Buſineſs of Importance.

Lucy. You have had no Buſineſs I'm ſure, but what you might as well have done at my Lodgings as any where, you know I love you, and have given ſufficient proofs of it, but I am not ſo mean as to ſuffer my ſelf to be us'd like one of your Common Wenches. Come, Mr *Hartley* I never ſent to you for Money upon pretence of being Arreſted. I never whiſper'd *Phillips* to bring *Citron* Water inſtead of *Cinamon*. I never took you up at *White*'s, and carried you home in a Coach that I might not walk a foot my ſelf. I am none of thoſe, I have us'd you Civilly and Kindly, and I'm a Gentlewoman. I viſit Lady's of Reputation, I ſometimes ſit in a Front Box, and will not be abuſed.

Hart. Come prithee, *Lucy*, don't put your ſelf in a Paſſion Child, forgive me now and I'll make thee amends. I am to blame I own it, but tho thou doſt go in the Front Box, thou may'ſt have more Pride perhaps, but thou haſt not leſs good nature than if thou went'ſt into the Pit.

Lucy. Pray Mr *Hartley* don't make your ſelf merry with me, either reſolve to treat me as I have deſerv'd, or from this time forward prepare to ſuffer all that an injur'd, a diſappointed Womans Malice can invent.

Hart. My Dear don't Perſecute me thus, my abſence from you all this while has been puniſhment enough. I could ſay a great deal in my own defence, but your anger won't let you hearken to reaſon now, and therefore to ſatisfy you I will plead Guilty, and fling my ſelf on the Mercy of the Court.

Lucy. You know you are Guilty, Mr *Hartley*, but you have ſuch a Way and ſuch a Tongue, that 'tis almoſt as impoſſible for a Woman to be long angry with you as Virtuous. But my Patience can never hold ſuch another tryal, you have given it a terrible ſhock already.

Hart.

Hart. Well! I'll come to thee to morrow, my Dear, and ſet all right.

Lucy. Pray don't fail; if you wou'd have me think your repentance ſincere, you muſt not only be ſorry for what's paſt, but amend your Life for the future. I'll expect you impatiently to morrow in the evening.

Hart. Do my Dear, I'll certainly be with thee.

Lucy. Your Servant.

Hart. Adieu.——Here! (*calls*)

Enter Servant.

Wait upon the Lady down the Back Stairs. (*Exit.* Lucy *mask'd.* Well! this will never do, ſuch another bout or two will ſtagger my pious reſolutions damnably. My Whoring is no more Perſecution proof than I'm afraid my Religion would be, I don't know what Mettal other Men are made of, but of late I find I cannot ſtand an old Face. I'm already almoſt afraid of meeting a new Acquaintance, leaſt I ſhould in a little time be tormented with an old one, and I begin to fancy the Plague of the one, almoſt equal to the Pleaſure of the other.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Ser. The Porter, Sir ſays, he was ordered to ſtay for an Anſwer.

(Hart. *opens the Letter and Reads.*)

SIR,

IF You chance to be out of Employment, a Friend of Yours, who is to be ſpoke with to Night about Eight in the Bird-Cage-Walk in St James's *Park, will help you to a Service where you will be kindly Entertained.*

Yours, *M.* B

Hart. Gad! Very pretty! This came very ſeaſonably, th Cordial has ſtrangly reviv'd me. I was juſt ready to faint, another *Lucy* had done my Buſineſs, had made me baſely turn tail, run down into the Country with my own Wife, and utterly renounce this Town and all its Works. But now I hope I ſhall go on and proſper, at leaſt I'll not miſs this fair opportunity. (*to his Man.*) I'll ſend an anſwer preſently.

Exeunt.

SCENE. II.

Sir Able's *Lodgings.*

Sir *Ab.* (*to his Man in a Paſſion.*) How long has he been gone out? Which way did he go? And who went with him?

Man. Indeed, Sir, I can't tell, I've not ſeen him ſince morning.

Sir *Ab.* Can no body in the Houſe tell any thing of him?

Man. No, Sir, I have ask'd every one in the Family, and I have enquired of all the Neighbourhood, and can neither hear Tale nor Tydings of him.

Sir *Ab.* Well! Pray Heav'n he been't by this time got into the Paws of ſome hungry Vacation Strumpet, or torn in pieces by ſome of thoſe fierce Wild Beaſts, the Gameſters, that go about ſeeking whom they may devour.

Man. I'll warrant you, Sir, he'll be ſtragling upon ſome body's Ground, and they'l preſently put him into the Pound, and then you'l ſoon hear of him.

Sir *Ab.* Sirrah leave your prating, I never was before ſo ſenſible of the Plagues of a Marry'd Life. I am glad I was ſo lately deny'd. What an Old Fool was I to be running into that curſed ſtate again? but of all the ill qualities of a Wife,

ſure

ſure Fruitfulneſs is the worſt, let her be any thing but prolifick. In the humour I am now in, I had rather my Wife ſhould make me a Cuckold than a Father.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mr *Ledger* below, deſires to ſpeak a word with you about Buſineſs of ſome concern.

Sir *Ab.* Deſire him to walk up, I cannot imagine what his Buſineſs can be.

Enter Ledger.

Ledg. Sir *Abel*, Your Humble Servant; I come to you from your Son, I met him juſt now at his Unkles———

Sir *A.* Oh! 'tis very well he's there, I was afraid he had been loſt, or was come to ſome Misfortune.

Ledg. No, Sir, he's very well, and ſafe, and juſt Marry'd.

Sir *A.* Marry'd! (*Walks about Angrily.*)

Ledg. He employ'd me, Sir, to interceed with you for your Pardon, he hopes you can't be very Angry with him, eſpecially ſince he has made his choice of a Woman, that you thought fit for your own. This was his Argument, but if you'l give me leave to plead his Cauſe. I think you are obliged to him, for ought I know, you owe as much to him as *Anchiſes* did to his Son *Æneas*, he has preſerv'd your Life from the Flames with the hazard of his own.

Sir *A.* I don't know what you mean, Sir, pray explain your ſelf.

Ledg. Why in ſhort your Son has Marry'd *Chloris*, whom you your ſelf made Love to. But for all my Jeſting, Sir, I hope there's no danger.

Sir *A*

Sir *A.* How no danger, Sir?

Ledg. Why I believe, Sir, she may be sound.

Sir *A.* Sound! Sir, I hope she's Virtuous, free from any blemish, and comes of a good Family, and I hope she has something of her own to live upon.

Ledg. Really, Sir, as for blemishes she has but one that I know of, a pretty large Mole in her Neck, then her Family is originally as good as any Body's, and I assure you she has nothing but what is purely her own to live upon. But, Sir, if she has any Defects she has some good Qualities to make amends, her Husband, Sir, will find none of that fashionable but troublesome Coyness in her, that makes me think almost as ill of the first Marriage night, as I do well of the last, then she'll never give him just cause for Jealousy, he may trust her securely all over the Town, because every body here has had her, and then I dare say, which is the danger of your youthful Sluts, she'll never fill his House with a Litter of bawling Bratts, she's as much past Child-bearing, as she is past Shame.

Sir *A.* You may divert your self, Sir, and perhaps think you grive me, but I assure you, Sir, I will not give my self the least Trouble about this matter. My Son has carv'd for himself, and if the Meat does not agree with him, he can blame no body but himself, he had not my Consent, and since he had not that he shall have nothing else.

Ledg. To be serious with you, Sir *Abel*, I came out of Friendship to you on purpose to moderate your Passion, and to make you lay aside your resentment, there is not much Philosopy requir'd to perswade a Man to what is plainly for his ease and quiet, this is your Case, and therefore if you would take my Advice you———

Sir *A.* None of your Advice, good Mr *Ledger*, I am determin'd I assure you I will go down into the Country, and enjoy what I have whilst I live as well as I can, and bestow it when I dye as well as I can. There is nothing can reflect upon me in this Case, unless I forgive him, and therefore to

shew

shew that I am perfectly a Man of Honour, I'll let him starve. My Brother may do what he thinks fit. I know his Infirmity, he may perhaps to prove his Religion give a demonstration of his weakness, but I, Mr *Ledger*, that understand the Maxims of this World will never see him, will never pitty him, I will never think of him, and in a word will be no more concerned at his Marriage, than I am every year at the Doge of *Venice*'s.

Ledg. I am sorrow, Sir *Abel*, you are so firmly resolv'd, I wish I could have been an Instrument of Reconciliation between you, but since you have taken your party already, and I find my good Offices are in vain, I'l take my leave, for I have another Work of Charity upon my hands, and I doubt as difficult to be accomplished, for 'tis as hard to reform an extravagant Husband, as to reconcile an offended Father, however I must to my part——Sir *Abel* your Humble Servant.

Sir *A.* Sir, your Humble Servant. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

St James's Park.

Enter Mrs Hartly, Orinda, Eugenia *and Mr* Bevil.

Mrs *H.* I'm afraid I shall act my part but ill, I can't counterfeit the Chat or the behaviour of such a Lady as Mr *Hartley* expects to meet.

Eug. No matter, we'll come to your assistance immediately, if you can but keep him in Play 'till your Recruits come up, I'l warrant you he'll not be able to stand his Ground very long.

Mrs *H.* Am I disguised well enough, do you think he won't suspect any thing?

Orin.

Orin. No, no, there's no danger, I'll warrant you he knows you no more than he does his own Mind

Mrs *H.* Surely he'll keep his Word ?

Bev. Cetainly Madam, 'twill be the firſt time that ever he broke it elſe upon ſuch an occaſion, but your great Dealers always take care to Anſwer their Bills, their Credit lyes at Stake and they muſt be punctual.

Mrs *H.* I can't help being a little uneaſy, I dread the conſequence of ſo great a diſappointment, to a Man of Mr *Hartley*'s Temper.

Bev. I hope, Madam, the ſucceſs of the Buſineſs is not quite ſo uncertain as it ſeems. I have known a Rover at laſt argued into Conſtancy, purely from the convincing ſmart of Variety, and the moſt Eager Drunkard that ever was, will quit his Bottle when he finds his Wine will prove his Poyſon.

Orin. 'Tis infallibly true, as the Conſtitution generally puts a Man upon a Vice, ſo it commonly ſoon brings him off from it to.

Mrs *H.* That I grant, but Mr *Hartley*, I doubt is an acception in the Caſe, his Conſtitution is like his Country's, it may be ſhok'd, but it can hardly be quite overthrown, beſides I know him ſo well, he's a meere *Widdington* in Love, he'll never yield but fight upon his Stumps

Eug. 'Tis very likely, he may be brave enough to fight when he has loſt his Limbs, but he'll hardly be ſo inſenſible as to venture an engagement, where he's ſure to loſe 'em. Bet here comes Mr *Ledger*, you'l have a ſtrong Corps de reſerve now.

Orin. Yonder comes Mr *Hartley* too, we'll retreat a little and Salley out preſently, after you have begun the Attack.

(*All retire but Mrs* H.

Enter

Enter Mr Hartley.

Hart. Are you the charitable Lady Madam, that promiſed to help me to an Employment?

Mrs *H.* A day or two ago, Sir, in a publick place I ſaw you ſomething dejected and idle, which made me take pitty upon you, and reſolve to help you to any buſineſs that lay in my way.

Hart. The Obligation Madam, is very great, and I can never hope to return it, unleſs the ſervice I am to be employed in is your own.

Mrs H. I do deſign to retain you my ſelf, but you muſt firſt let me know which way your Genius leads you, what buſineſs are you chiefly fit for?

Hart. I never was employed by any Lady in any buſineſs, but I gave her content. I am made Madam, as you may ſee, for Drudgery.

Mrs H. 'Tis fit I ſhould acquaint you with the difficulties of the Place before you undertake it. I ſhall keep no other Servant but you, ſo you'l have a great deal of work upon your hands, then I expect you ſhall never ramble abroad, nor ever think of any bodies buſineſs but mine. In return, I promiſe you ſhall want for nothing in my power; if you ſhew your ſelf a good, Servant you ſhall find me as good a Friend.

Hart. I very willingly Madam accept of theſe condtions, from this moment I liſt my ſelf in your ſervice, and if ever I deſert put the rigour of the Law in execution againſt me and hang me.

[Orinda, Eug. Bevil, Ledg. *all appear,* *Mrs* Hart *pulls off her Mask, and Mr* Hart. *ſtares and ſeems ſurprized.*]

Orin. Bravely resolv'd, Mr *Hartley*, and if you will ever deserve the good opinion of your Friends that are here, and have heard you make so frank a Declaration, you must never more run from your Colours.

Eug. Come, Mr *Hartley*, lay aside your Concern, we all here are your Friends and came with a sincere design of serving you, and we hope this disappointment, if well manag'd may prove to you, as the disappointment at *Cadiz* did to the Government, more advantageous than success.

Hart. 'Tis very surprizing to me, that's certain. A Lady that should find herself in Bed with a Husband as much of her own Sex as ours, could not be under a greater surprize, therefore I must desire some little time to recollect my self.

Mrs *H.* I hope, Mr *Hartly* you'l forgive me for entring into this Innocent Plot, I had no design in it but to do you and your Family good, and to be plain with you, I found besides your ill treatment of me, you were grown so wholly negligent of your Affairs, that not to endeavour to put a stop to your mismanagements was in some measure (I thought) to make my self Guilty of 'em.

Bev. You have to bad a Cause to be defended, your best way is to give it up quietly, fling your self upon the Mercy of the Court, and resolve to stand by their Judgment.

Ledg. You'l find a very mild Sentence, no Punishment inflicted but what shall be for your own benefit, no damages to be paid but what you your self will get by.

Hart. I am very sensible that this Stratagem was designed by every one here for my Advantage, and I hope it will not be my fault if it do's not succeed, for I think already the surprize has had such an effect upon me, as a sudden Fright has upon a Man that's Drunk, it has brought me to my Senses; tho I must own, that I have not of late had quite the same relish for my way of Living as I us'd to have, I have for sometime been growing out of Love with the Hurry and Fatigue

of

of it, and ſome ſhocks that I have felt in my Health, have very much taken off the keenneſs of my Appetite.

Eug. The extravgant Expence too, Mr *Hartley*, in my mind ſhou'd have been a very prevailing Argument with you, your Conſcience methinks upon that occaſion, ſhou'd have flown in your Face, and convinced you, that your Sins that were ſo chargeable muſt need be mortal.

Hart. I allways found Money enough for my ſelf, and I made no reflection upon the ill circumſtances of my Family, but now in my cooler Thoughts I own that reflection ought to have had a greater weight with me.

Orin. The ill return too which you made to your Wife, ſhou'd have worked methinks upon you, and the thoughts of wronging one of the beſt Women in the World, ſhou'd have made you ſcorn the poor pleaſure of Careſſing the worſt.

Hart: There is no conſideration makes a deeper impreſſion upon me than this, that the beſt of Wives ſhou'd meet with the worſt of Husbands. But, Madam, (*To his Wife*) that I may make you amends to the utmoſt of my power, I here ſolemnly renew my Marriage Vow, I bid adieu to all my former courſes, and you ſhall find me ſincerely reformed, not like thoſe of our Modern Society, for I will endeavour to mend my ſelf more than others.

Mrs *H:* Theſe reſolutions, Mr *Hartley*, if kept, will turn as much to your Honour as Advantage, and all your paſt unkindneſs to me, I ſhall think ſufficiently made up by the good management of your ſelf and your affairs.

Ledg. We give you Joy, Mr *Hartley*, and you, Madam, 'tis as proper I think upon this occaſion as a Wedding, and I hope, Mr *Hartley*, you believe Mr *Bevil* and I, wiſh'd as well to this Cauſe as if we had pleaded in it, but as Sir, you was led aſtray by the Lady's, ſo we left you to be reformed by them.

Bev. There's no body, I aſſure you more plea's'd with the good ſucceſs of this affair than I am, and to keep up the

good

good humour of this good Company, I hope you will all do me the honor to go along with me, for to night I am to be made happy by this fair Lady. (*to* Orinda)

Hart. We'll wait upon you Sir and be very merry, for I propose to my self as much satisfaction this night, as you can do tho it be your first.

The Fancy'd Pleasures of a rambling Life,
And the imagin'd Plagues of every Wife,
Are idle notions, fit to entertain
Only some Poets or Projectors Brain.
Variety's too Luscious and must cloy,
And he can ne're himself, that many will enjoy:
The Man alone that's True, True Joys will find,
A Healthful Body and an easy Mind.

FINIS.